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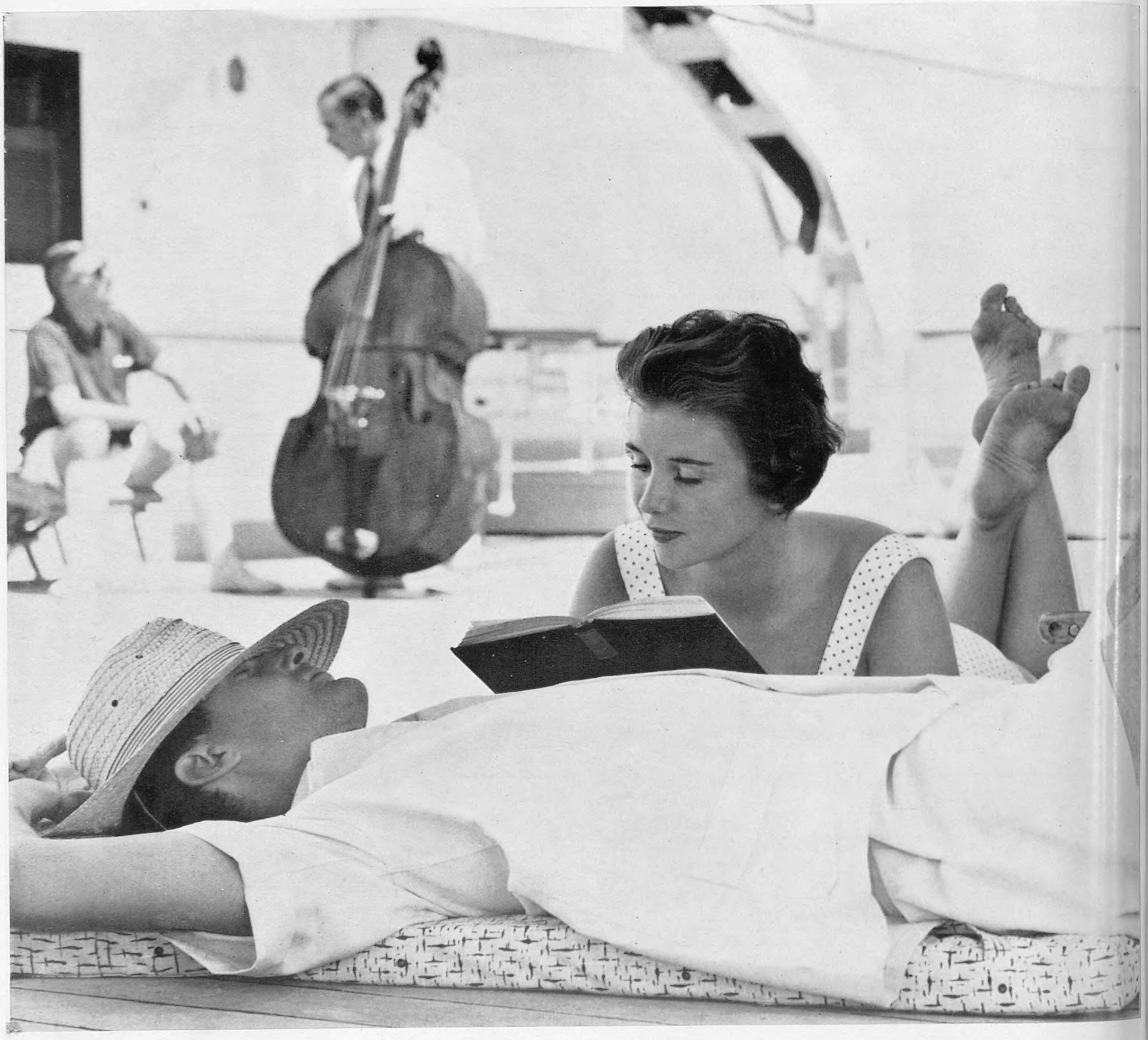

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Volume CCXLI No. 3124

The SPHERE, London, April 16, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE QUEEN AND HER GUEST FROM FRANCE—THE GLITTERING SCENE IN LONDON'S ROYAL OPERA HOUSE AT THE END OF THE THREE-DAY STATE VISIT: Her Majesty is standing next to President de Gaulle in the specially-decorated Royal box at the Gala Performance of ballet. Madame de Gaulle is standing between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester; the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are to the left of the General. The Royal box is in the centre of the grand tier.

Although the State visit by President and Madame de Gaulle followed the familiar pattern for such occasions, there were some innovations. At the end of the first day, after the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had entertained their visitors at a State Banquet, several of the guests went out on to the balcony to watch the spectacular firework display in St. James's Park. Later in the week the President reviewed the Household Troops on Horse Guards Parade and addressed both Houses of Parliament in Westminster Hall. He also had talks with Mr. Macmillan at Buckingham Palace. On arrival at Gatwick Airport the President and his wife were met by the Duchess of Kent, who subsequently accompanied the visitors to Victoria Station for the welcome by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the State drive to Buckingham Palace. On the following day the President and his wife drove to the City of London for the traditional welcome by the Lord Mayor. Other events during the three days included the parade of the former Fighting French Association, and the visit to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. (Further pictures appear on other pages.)

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

WELCOME AT VICTORIA STATION: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stand with President and Madame de Gaulle before going out to Hudson's Place (off Wilton Road) to inspect the guard of honour and start the State drive to Buckingham Palace. The General and his wife had travelled from Gatwick, where they had been met by the Duchess of Kent.

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Watched by the Dean and Chapter, ... Warrior. This was General de Gaulle's first engagement ... the President drove to Grosvenor Gardens to lay ...

A London Newsletter

13-15, John Adam Street, W.C.2.

Easter—Easter falls late this year. It has only once fallen later in the last decade (in 1957). It falls at a usually pleasant time, and to judge by the constant icy winds of recent weeks, we might be due for a balmy spell. It was so at Easter 1957, with summer-time beginning and a long, cold drought ending. The South African cricketers (guiltless, surely, of their countrymen's blood) will be on the way and will open the ball at the lovely cricket ground at Arundel Castle before the month is out. There may be flannelled fools (there will certainly be crowds of cars) on our pleasant ground on a New Forest "lawn." Mid-April is the best time for the first public holiday and I wish all readers good luck in their chosen way of spending it. If they cannot expect to dance with the daffodils which have been dancing already for a full month, they can be sure of dancing with the primroses to the music of the cuckoos. Last Easter Day fell on March 29 and 1·20 ins. of rain fell with it. We've had enough rain in the last few months to justify our hopes of something better on April 17. My prayer and plea to those who come out to enjoy the countryside is to enjoy, and not to "improve on," Nature's offerings. Flowering gorse is not improved when festooned with greasy paper and greasier Sunday papers; primroses look far prettier unadorned with cigarette and sweet cartons.

Why Hit On Me?—An *irritating* Budget, I thought. It irritates small children when they have pleaded for just one more story before bed, to be hustled there by a smiling Nanny utterly impervious to their pleas. So must have been irritated all those bodies of financial and industrial experts who waited on the Chancellor with advice as to what he should do. He smilingly swept them and their pleas to bed. It irritated the Opposition to have to cheer the Budget proposals louder than did the Tories. The Chancellor had stolen their ideas, got the credit and left them still more naked on the bank. It irritated me. Why hit on *me*? What more worthy and respectable citizen than the man, young or old, who buys his ounce of tobacco at the village shop? He may cook his own goose by an excess of tobacco juice, but if he exceed with beer or spirits, he may cook other people's geese also. The Chancellor who takes it off beer and puts it on tobacco is open to all sorts of criticism. The tobacco kings still manage to "jog along." The honest pipe-smoker must now pay 4s. 10d. for the ounce of tobacco which cost him 4½d. in his boyhood. The Chancellor is a non-smoker. He could afford to hold that kindly, genial smile. But why hit on *me*? The only satisfaction I got out of his dingy Budget was clear official proof that in the past two years I have not been wrong in boring you all with my warnings that the Government's optimism and encouragement has been reckless, if not insane.

Press Council—My Foot?—Nothing has been more trenchant and outspoken than the latest Press Council condemnation of three popular Sunday newspapers for their continued exploitation of sex, "a lewdness and salaciousness which disgraces British journalism." The Council referred in particular to recent articles on the sex experiences of Diana Dors and Errol Flynn. I don't know how many million readers fret and fume if for any reason their favourite Sunday reading is delayed and their morning's pleasure thereby shortened. Certainly untold numbers look forward to their week-end in anticipation of the thrills they anticipate from their salacious Sunday-morning reading. The Press has decided that it needs no censor with more powers of persuasion than can be exerted by occasional advice to erring members on what is and what is not in "good taste" and worthy of the "high standards of British journalism." It must be pained and surprised that, seven years after ... laid down definite standards on Press treatment of sex, at least three erring members have plumbed even lower depths of salacity in the struggle for higher circulation and have not paid attention to the Council. It is much the same with parliamentary control over Government expenditure. Instances of waste are listed. The departments perhaps file and even note the reports, and gaily on with their spending. "Physician, heal thyself" seems to be a long-term cure in Fleet Street and in Whitehall.

A Ministry of Taste?—It grows more and more clear that the Home Office and other relevant departments have too much work to do to *initiate* (without massive public pressure) legislation calculated to restore a fast-diminishing standard of decency and discipline in our nation. Departments and public bodies can be moved to reforms if public pressure is strong enough. Thus the B.B.C. has decided to ration violence in their programmes, because at last public opinion inclines to believe that violence on the screen does indeed incite immature minds to violent deeds. But Governments are terrified of infringing the "freedoms" and are slow to admit that any freedom can be nothing but licence and licentiousness. And so the vicious circle buzzes round. Only public pressure will move authority to act. Only a tardy realisation of the danger to themselves will induce the British public to put out that massive pressure which alone can move authority to reform. And the British public have been so long inoculated with the poison of violence, crime and sex in novels and films from childhood upwards that they are too pickled to appreciate the dangers, though they experience those dangers every day in their homes, their offices, in the courts and in the streets. There is yet no large-scale longing, lingering look back to the manifest advantages of those "bad old" pre-war days when standards of conduct were higher, discipline better observed in the home and in adult life, and when "stuffy" conventions kept at least underground evil practices quite obviously corrupting, and the will restrained liberty to exploit them. A Ministry of Taste (with primary responsibility to control all things ugly from pornography and bad architecture and spoliation of the countryside down to tasteless advertising and litter), with plenary powers and wide scope, would certainly to-day be cheap at an extra few millions a year on the Civil Estimates. Even so, it could achieve little without the co-operation of a better-educated public.

Lady Cynthia Asquith—Cynthia Asquith was endowed by Nature with all the qualities which charm, warm and lighten human relations. Many of the same gifts were showered on her uncle, George Wyndham. As a girl she was perfectly lovely, and to beauty of face she joined a glorious sense of humour, a keen wit, remarkable literary discrimination, infinite courage in adversity, an unconventional outlook on many aspects

e President lays a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown ter his arrival at Buckingham Palace. From the Abbey, reath on the statue of Marshal Foch. **(See page 91.)**

ife, and above all, the golden quality of including herself n her kindly ridicule of human follies and foibles. For ears she was the greatest comfort and help to Barrie, nd she lived, as an intellectual equal, much in the com-pany of authors and artists. She came of an uncon-entional family which never went with the crowd, and it s safe to say that her incursion into any company, dull nd prosy or gay and intelligent, instantly brought new ight and life and laughter into the proceedings. Perhaps he squandered some of her literary ability in ephemeral ournalism. Her books on Barrie and her autobiographical nemoirs show that she could write well. My happiest nemories of her are recent. She gave an admirable lec-ure on Jane Austen to the Jane Austen Society a few ears ago, and perhaps the knowledge she acquired for hat lecture induced her to compete in the rich television uiz on that subject, which she won with ease. For nonths before the event she led a hermit's life, mugging-p the most obscure facts and references, and I remember hat halfway through that gruelling course she allowed me o set her a test paper. For me, of course, it was a work f deep research to unearth names or addresses once men-ioned in novels or letters, quotations containing one tiny, nobtrusive slip, and so on. She polished off my twenty uestions in five minutes 95 per cent. accurately. In her ife, she knew great happiness and endured with infinite ourage great tribulations. It would be unfitting to quote: *Elle étoit du monde où les plus belles choses ont le pire léstin.*" She knew better than most how to pluck and avour to the full the sweetness and the beauty that loom between the thorns in human life.

Hinton Ampner—The fire at Mr. Ralph Dutton's house must clearly prove a heavy loss of artistic reasures. I visited the house on several occasions and resume that most of its treasures were on the ground loor, from which it is said a number of pictures and ieces of furniture were rescued. But many treasures, ssembled from other houses, were built-in and cannot ave been saved. The long range of period-piece rooms nade indeed a museum, though a living museum; for the ouse had been his home all his life. A bachelor in his ixties, Mr. Dutton is too well known in artistic circles, y his books and by the exercise of his knowledge of nglish country houses and their furnishings, to require note. Only twenty years ago he completed the rebuilding f Hinton Ampner, and if, as reported, he promised, hile the flames were destroying his life's work and obby that he would certainly rebuild again, he deserves he highest praise for courage and philosophy no less than ur sympathy. Most clear in my memory is the unique harm of his Victorian room which, having regard to the irection of the strong wind, must have suffered great amage. Among treasures incapable of rescue, I seem to emember in rooms adjoining the Library a famous fire-lace and one or two more rare treasures incapable of escue. Hinton Ampner, as far as I remember, was enturies ago a notoriously haunted house.

Not Cricket—England's team have won their first ever " success in a Test series in the West Indies. here were exciting moments for expert fans in all the ve matches, not least in the last, when England was

ON THE WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A general view of the scene from the Admiralty Arch showing the carriage procession in the Mall. In some places along the route to the Palace spectators stood 10 deep. On the day of General de Gaulle's arrival, the Queen was making her first official appearance in public after the birth of Prince Andrew.

" dormy " and only aggression could enable the West Indians to make a draw of it. At one time aggression looked like paying off, but the end was tame. Congratulations must be tempered. Most I admire the batsmen's pluck, but I doubt if such Test matches do much good to the spirit of cricket. A match accorded six full days should surely be pretty certain of a result in a country famous for fine weather. In the late series, one game gave a positive result and that was regarded as a remarkable achievement. Fast bowlers, of course, prolong the length of overs, but, even so, throughout the tour, overs per hour grew fewer. The hands of the clock are watched more from thoughts of defence and " safety first " than from any anxiety to achieve a decision. As for " bumpers," they are the curse of the game. The experts on both sides argue that these short balls have always been legitimate weapons in the fast bowler's armoury, but " ought to be rationed to one an over." That is absurd. You might as well authorise the use of atomic war-heads in battle, but request each side to use them only occasionally. Bumpers and bombs always invoke reprisals, and half-hearted reprisals are ineffective. I doubt if umpires could be briefed effectively in the use of their " discretion " to outlaw or " no-ball " bumpers. I can see no solution save in the use of a white cross-line just short of a length giving the umpire the duty of " no-balling " any delivery which does not reach that line. But cricket is spoiled by mechanical aids and new rules. The game flourishes best when the players are out to enjoy it and not to win records or stave off adverse decisions.

Bridge or Tunnel?—I don't know much about engineering, but I know what I like—and a Channel bridge from the South Foreland to Sarrgatte is not included. It would cost twice as much as a tunnel. To judge by the Forth Bridge it would cost twice as much to maintain. Teams of painters would be painting it all day and night all the year round, and very anxious and uncomfortable would be the teams of experts watching it for stresses during a December Channel gale. The experts say the bridge, to pay its way, would need an annual revenue of £40,000,000. To achieve that revenue, if there were sufficient demand, there would need to be five lanes of road traffic, two railway lines and two lanes for cyclists. I tremble to think of the push-cyclists halfway across in a January blizzard or November tornado. The vast structure would tower above the waves with its 140 spans of 700 ft., one or two of them twice as wide to admit the passage of enormous liners. There would be 140 snags in the narrows highly dangerous to shipping. The experts say that a bridge would be at once more logical and imaginative than a tunnel. The imagination boggles. Logic suggests that a bridge would be easy stuff for an enemy in war or cold war. For my part, I prefer a tube dream to a pipe dream. As a bridge player I declare spades.

A Ravening and Mangy Lion—March went out like a lion in all conscience. Most of us hoped on All Fools' Day that some of Browning's yearnings for April in England will be fulfilled. March is usually a beastly month. I can't believe I am alone in labelling March 1960 as a very nasty March indeed. It was not only the weather. That we could have endured with hope of a sudden change to spring. We are familiar enough with a repetition during a part of March of the gloom, chill and darkness of December. What made March 1960 so miserable was the continuous tale of death and disaster, much of which could not be dismissed as isolated and regrettable incidents, but seemed to carry the seeds of further and worse disasters. It was a month of hopes deferred, optimism shaken, threats and defiance multiplied, a month which seemed to turn back the clock, to prolong the winter of our discontent and to halt such progress as we believed to have been made on the long and uphill road to sanity among nations and goodwill among men. If one turned back the file of some daily newspapers and re-read the headlines of the past few weeks, that sombre exercise of remembrance would convince him that March 1960 was indeed something like a Pentecost of Calamity and brought him into April with a bitter taste in his mouth.

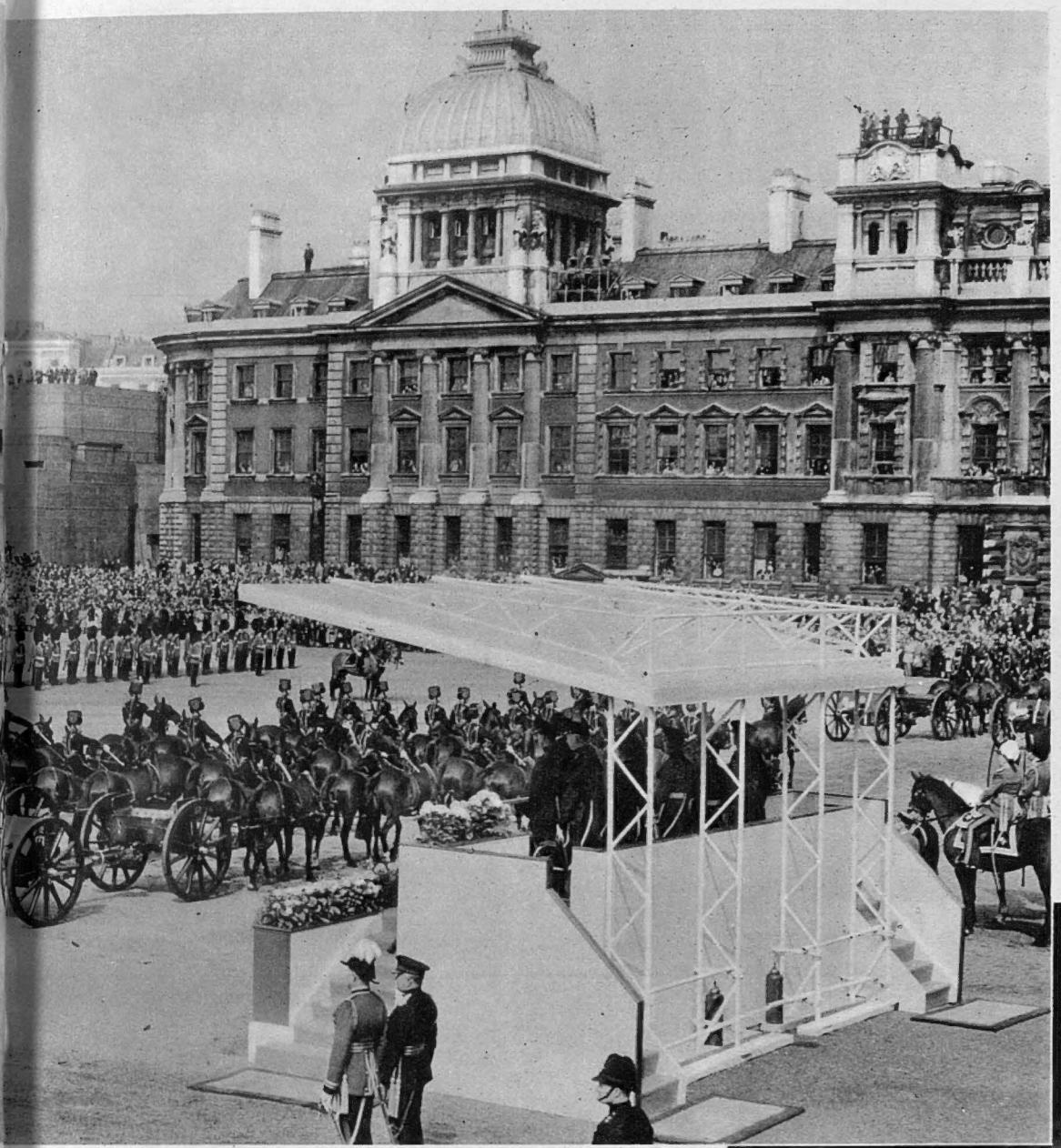
THE OLD STAGER

VISITING THE CITY: In the library at Guildhall, President de Gaulle receives an Address of Welcome from the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Edmund Stockdale. With Madame de Gaulle, the President had driven in an open carriage along crowded streets from Buckingham Palace for the traditional meeting with the City Corporation. After the reception, the President was the guest of honour at luncheon.

DE GAULLE IN LONDON

OLD COMRADES-IN-ARMS: The President shakes hands with Sir Winston Churchill as he leaves Sir Winston's home in Hyde Park Gate. The visit was not on the President's official programme. During the course of his speeches in London the General made several references to Sir Winston's wartime leadership.

RIDING ALONG THE MALL: In an open carriage, President de Gaulle and Duke More than 1,200 officers and men, their resplendent uniforms glitt Office and the headquarters of the Household Brigade it seems Than



REVIEW OF HOUSEHOLD TROOPS: The King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery passes before President de Gaulle and the Duke of Edinburgh, on Horse Guards Parade. Not since 1936, when King Edward VIII presented colours to six battalions of foot guards, has there been such a magnificent review.

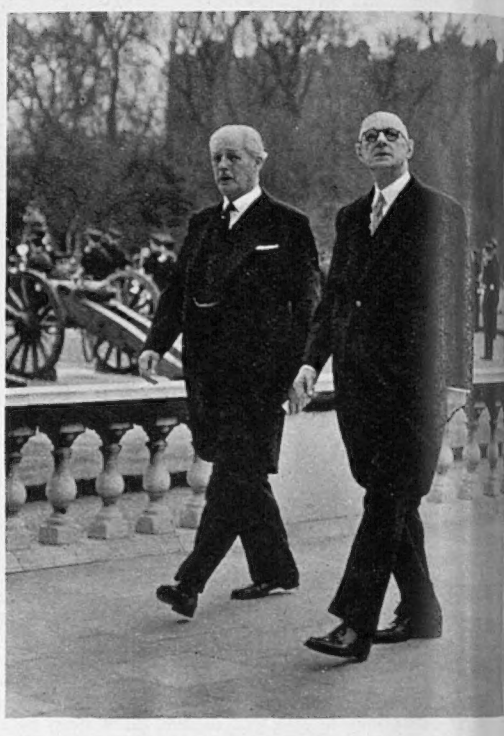
ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: With Prince Philip at his side, General de Gaulle rides in an open Land-Rover as he inspects the troops. The Duke of Edinburgh is wearing the blue frock coat of the Colonel of the Welsh Guards.

Duke of Edinburgh arrive to review Household troops on Horse Guards Parade. glittering in the sunlight, stood in massed formation. From records at the War that a visiting Head of State has never before reviewed such a magnificent parade.

IN WESTMINSTER HALL: President de Gaulle addresses members of both Houses of Parliament. Extreme left are the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, and officers of the House of Lords, and extreme right, the Speaker, Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, and officers of the House of Commons.

LUNCHEON AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: Given in honour of the French President by the Government, the luncheon is in the Great Hall. General and Madame de Gaulle were received by General Sir Cameron Nicholson, the hospital's Governor.

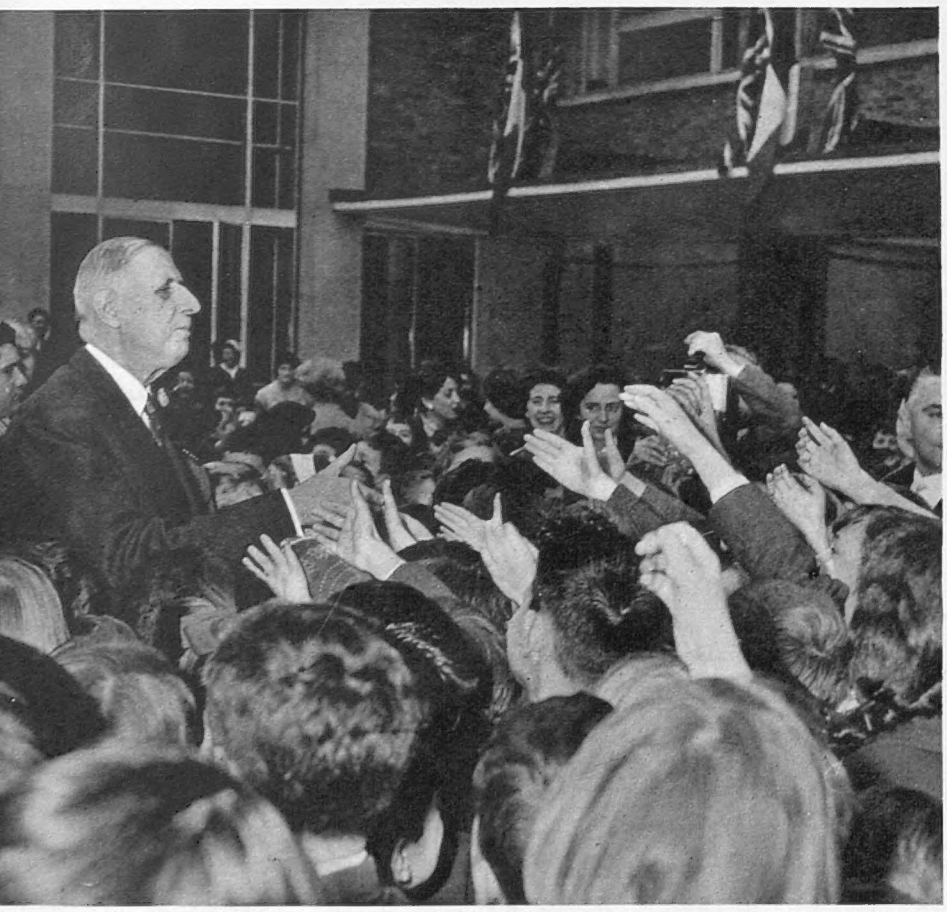
A VISIT TO A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL: Madame de Gaulle is with one of the young patients at Queen Mary's Hospital for Children at Carshalton. The visit was one of those arranged for Madame de Gaulle while her husband fulfilled other engagements.



On right—

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER: General de Gaulle is accompanied by Mr. Macmillan as he enters the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Before he entered, he inspected 104 in-pensioners of the Hospital, on parade on the lawn facing the Thames. Present for the luncheon were Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

DE GAULLE IN LONDON



SURROUNDED BY PUPILS OF THE FRENCH LYCEE: President de Gaulle stretches out his arm to shake hands during his visit to the French Lycée and the Institut Français in South Kensington, one of his engagements on the last full day of his State visit.

TO THE OPERA HOUSE FOR THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF BALLET: The Queen and the President arrive at Covent Garden to be welcomed by the Earl of Drogheda, Chairman of the Royal Opera House. The programme at Covent Garden was danced by the Royal Ballet.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

UNDER ARREST: A finger is pointed at Mr. David Pratt as he is taken away by the police after the shooting of Dr. Verwoerd in Johannesburg. The South African Prime Minister had just opened the Union Exposition—a trade and industrial fair—last Saturday when a man walked up to the platform and fired a pistol. He was hit twice in the face and taken to hospital, where his condition was stated to be satisfactory. The attempt on the life of Dr. Verwoerd took place in view of several thousand people. After the shots rang out, there was a moment of silence. Then some of those round the Prime Minister rushed to his help while others seized his assailant. The man taken into custody was later stated to be Mr. David Pratt, aged fifty-two, a wealthy Rand farmer and well known in the Transvaal. He lives at Maloney's Farm, at Magaliesburg, where he owns a trout hatchery. He was due to appear before a magistrate on Monday last. The South African Cabinet met on the same day. The immediate questions to be resolved were who would lead the Government in the absence of Dr. Verwoerd and who would come to London in his place to represent South Africa at the Prime Ministers' conference.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF DR. VERWOERD: The South African Prime Minister holds his head in his hands with blood streaming from his face. He was taken to a hospital in Johannesburg and on Sunday moved to hospital in Pretoria where the bullets in his face were to be removed.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S WIFE: Blood is wiped from Mrs. Verwoerd's hands. After the shots were fired at Johannesburg she threw her arms round her husband's back in an effort to support him. Then Mrs. Verwoerd fainted from the shock.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

DR. BANDA IN LONDON: The Nyasaland African Nationalist leader arrives at London Airport less than a week after he had been released from detention in Southern Rhodesia. He had been flown to Britain by a television company and a few hours after his arrival was seen being interviewed on the screen. Dr. Banda declared that the Africans in Nyasaland wanted to secede from the Federation. He hoped Nyasaland might join in some way with Tanganyika, with Northern Rhodesia, with Belgian Congo and with Basutoland.

On left—

A ROAD WITH A VIEW: Curving gently through the Lancashire countryside is the new Lancaster Bypass. The 11.6 miles of motorway was opened officially on Monday by Dr. Charles Hill, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, deputising for the Minister of Transport. Costing about £4,000,000, the route forms the second section of the planned north-south Lancashire motorway.

On right—

THE BISHOP OF JOHANNESBURG: It was learnt last week that Dr. Ambrose Reeves had left Johannesburg and gone to the British Protectorate of Swaziland. The Bishop is an outspoken critic of *apartheid*. He was reported as having said he had gone "to await clarification of my rights in the Union."

WIDESPREAD FLOODING IN THE UNITED STATES: In a fight against the floodwaters of the Mississippi, one farm family built a private dyke to hold back the water from the farmhouse near Canton, Missouri. *Right*—At Boonville, in the same State, the waters of the Missouri block U.S. Highway 40, a major road running from east to west. In the neighbouring State of Illinois, to the east of the Mississippi, the river broke through two levees to the north of Quincy, making a lake 15 to 20 miles long and 5 miles wide on rich farming land, forcing the evacuation of 2,000 people. Another levee was broken 70 miles to the north of St. Louis, inundating 5,000 acres. At the same time, the Missouri, on its way to the junction with the Mississippi, at St. Louis, flooded a further 2,000 acres. Both rivers were swollen by the melting of some of the heaviest falls of snow in fifty years, and by prolonged and severe rain.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

CANADIAN PREMIERS IN LONDON: At a luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel by Mr. Roy Thomson, the proprietor of newspapers in Canada and Britain, are, from left to right, Mr. J. R. Smallwood, Premier of Newfoundland; Mr. Thomson; Mr. R. L. Stanfield, Premier of Nova Scotia; Mr. Walter Shaw, Premier of Prince Edward Island; and Mr. Roger Pichette, the acting Premier of New Brunswick and chairman of the committee of the four Atlantic Provinces. The Premiers were in London for the inauguration of the direct air service between London and Halifax, Nova Scotia, by Trans-Canada Airlines, this month.

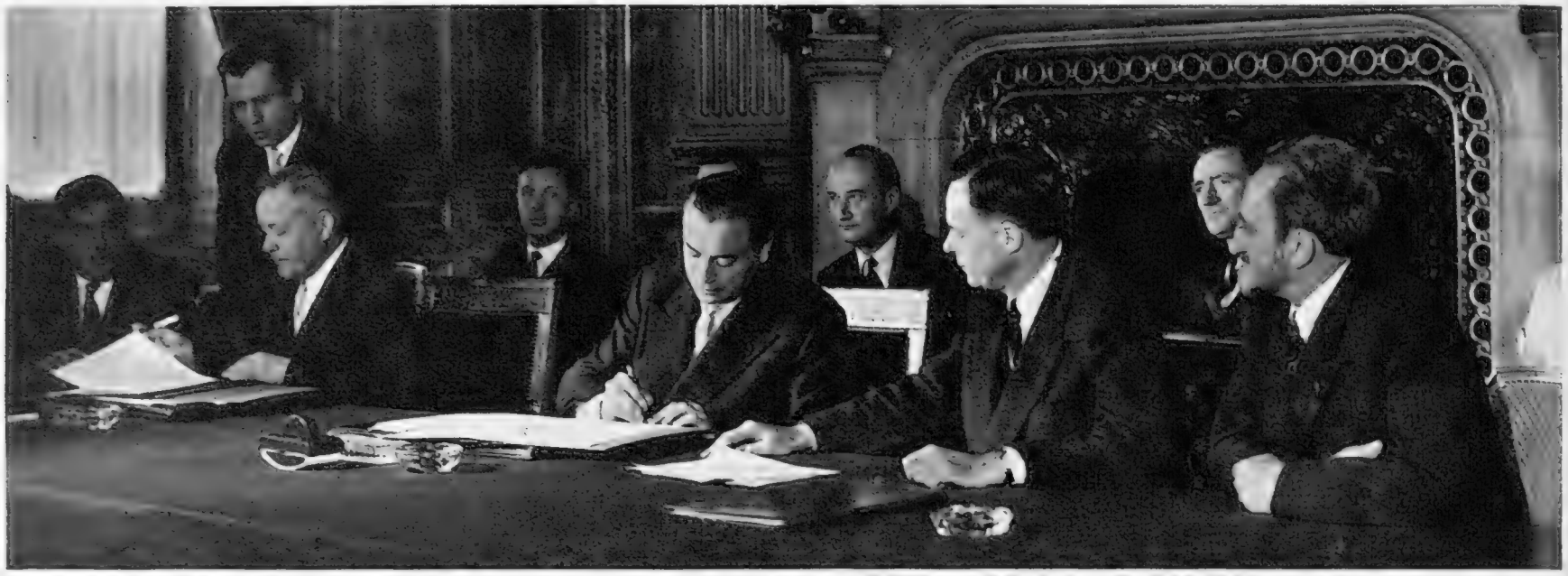
GEOTHERMAL POWER FOR NEW ZEALAND: The setting sun illuminates the steam rising from the bores at the Hot Springs in Wairakei, near Taupo. Steam collected from the bores passes along insulated mains to power turbo-generators providing electricity. The seventh and last heat converter came into operation at the geothermal plant recently, raising the output from 43 to 51 megawatts. It is planned that eventually the total output may be approximately 70 megawatts.

A NEW HOUSE FOR THE DUKE OF NORFOLK: In the grounds of Arundel Castle, in Sussex, scaffolding surrounds the modern house which is being built for the Earl Marshal of England, and the Duchess and their four daughters. The Duke announced at the end of last year that he intended to move out of the castle, in which he has lived for fifty years, for reasons of economy. . His new home, which has a central block containing five bedrooms and two wings with three and four bedrooms respectively, will cost over £50,000, but will be very much easier and more convenient to run. It was stated the move might only be of a temporary nature and it was possible that the family might return to the castle after maintenance work had been done on the fabric. There were no plans for offering Arundel Castle to the National Trust, and the Duke of Norfolk has no intention of altering any of his activities at Arundel.

THE WORLD CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP: In Moscow, Botvinnik, the holder, and Tal, the challenger, study the board during the eighth game. Botvinnik lost much ground in the early part of the series, but caught up after winning the eighth and ninth games, at which point Tal was leading by five points to four. Playing white in the crucial eighth game, Botvinnik cramped Tal's defence and had much the better of the play when time began to run out. The tenth game ended in an agreed draw after sixty moves.

THE LARGEST AND MOST MODERN SINGLE-SPAN TRANSIT SHED IN EUROPE: After the opening ceremonies, the first ship to berth alongside the transit shed at the Royal Victoria Dock of the Port of London Authority is the United States Lines' *American Angler*, dressed overall in honour of the occasion. *Right*—After cutting the ribbon to open the new shed officially, the American Ambassador, Mr. John Hay Whitney (centre), enters for a tour of inspection, accompanied by Viscount Simon, Chairman of the P.L.A. (left), and Mr. Tarleton Winchester, Vice-President and European General Manager of the United States Lines. They are escorted by two Doggetts Coat and Badge winners. Costing about £600,000—excluding cranes and other quayside equipment—the shed has been leased by the P.L.A. to the United States Lines.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



AGREEMENTS BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE SOVIET UNION: Seated at the table in the Quai D'Orsay, in Paris, are, from the left: Mr. Iuri Jukov, Chairman of the Soviet Committee of Cultural Relations; Mr. Vassili Emelianov, Director of the Soviet Atomic Energy Agency; M. Pierre Couture, Administrator-General of the French Atomic Energy Commission; M. Roger Seydoux, Director of Cultural Relations in the French Foreign Ministry; and M. François Perrin, French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy. At the conclusion of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to France, agreements were being signed between France and the Soviet Union concerning cultural and scientific exchanges and co-operation in the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

THE DEATH OF THE SUPREME HEAD OF THE MALAYAN FEDERATION: The funeral procession of Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, the Yang di-Pertuan Agong of the Federation of Malaya, passes the War Memorial in Kuala Lumpur. His body was taken from the capital to Sri Menanti, in Negri Sembilan, for burial. He died in his sleep on March 31 at the age of sixty-four. Sir Abdul Rahman, who had read law and been called to the bar in London, succeeded his father as ruler of Negri Sembilan in 1933. When the Malayan Federation was formed in 1957 he was elected its first Head of State by his fellow Malayan rulers.

CHINA CLAIMS EVEREST FROM NEPAL: Mr. Koirala, the Nepalese Prime Minister, is garlanded in Katmandu on his return from discussions on frontier questions with Mr. Chou En-lai in Pekin. A few days later Mr. Koirala informed a Press conference that China was claiming the whole of Mount Everest as Chinese territory. He added that Nepal refused to entertain the claim and that the matter would be further discussed with Mr. Chou En-lai when he visited Nepal later this month.

AN EXTRADITION TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ISRAEL: Documents are signed by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Arthur Laurie, the Israeli Ambassador to Britain, in the Foreign Office in London. The Treaty providing for extradition between Britain and Israel is subject to ratification by the Parliaments of the two countries. It will come into force three months after such ratification. Israel will be the forty-first state with which Britain has an extradition treaty.

SIGNOR TAMBRONI ASKS FOR A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE: The Prime Minister-designate of Italy addresses the Chamber of Deputies in Rome. In the same row are, from the left: Signor Guiseppe Spataro, named as Minister of the Interior in the proposed Tambroni Government; Signor Segni, Foreign Minister; Signor Armandi Angelini, Minister without Portfolio; and Signor Giorgio Bo, also to be a Minister without Portfolio. Signor Segni was Prime Minister until his resignation in February when the Liberals withdrew their support for him. Signor Tambroni was asking the Chamber to approve a Cabinet of Christian Democrats. In the early stages of the debate it seemed that all the left-wing parties would not be prepared to support him.

World Affairs

Bright Morning to Sombre Twilight

By JOHN CONNELL

THE pace of the political torrent quickens in Africa week by week, day by day. A lucid assessment of events and trends written less than a fortnight ago can, by now, be more out of date than a last year's almanac. And this is happening in Africa, where it used to seem that man's movement was yoked by ancient and immutable laws to nature's slow, august rhythm; and that to break this relationship would be to destroy the essential quality of African life.

I think of men like my father patiently, diligently and selflessly giving a lifetime of service to Africa; and I realise that, in his day, the first condition of happy and useful service in a Crown Colony was the capacity to accept the country's pace, to be attuned to its atmosphere and its mood. My father was a great one for accepting life as it was; but I often wonder what he, with his simple and straightforward concepts of duty and responsibility, would have made of to-day's tortuous tragedy.

"While Verwoerd is putting Africans into prison, Macleod is letting them out," I read somewhere the other day. It is a neat but distorted summing-up; the pattern of events, in the swirling, tumbled, muddy currents of day-to-day history in Africa is by no means so simple. We are, as I said a week or two ago, witnessing and—most of us reluctantly—playing our part in a prodigious, complex and startlingly swift revolution. It is ironic to realise that officials of my father's generation were those who, forty years ago, first set these processes in motion, though they would be appalled by the consequences had they lived to see them.

A DEMONSTRATION IN THE NETHERLANDS AGAINST *APARTHEID*: Men, women and children join in a protest march in The Hague against the policies of the South African Government. The demonstrators were especially concerned in expressing their feelings about the killings of natives last month in Sharpeville and Langa.

Even for men of my own generation the pace is as bewildering and reckless as it was unanticipated. Nine years ago I had for review a book which made a deep and abiding impression on me. It was called *African Morning*; its author, Mr. R. O. Hennings, must have been a slightly younger contemporary of mine at Oxford; he is now the Permanent Secretary in the Ministry of Agriculture, Animal Husbandry and Water Resources in Kenya.

His book is a study of his early period of service as a District Officer in the Baringo Region in the 1930's. In its quiet, unforced way I believe it to be a classic account of the relationship between the young British official, acquiring a deepening sense of responsibility and a deepening knowledge of, and companionship with, the people he served, as he matured. For generations in Africa as elsewhere we took that relationship for granted; now it has been destroyed; its meaning reviled.

Re-reading Mr. Hennings' book the other day, I found that his dominant impressions then, looking back over fifteen years, were not only of this "mutual respect and tolerant affection between the European officers and their African charges"; not only, in his personal experience, of "the happiness of youth and morning light in a new land"; but of the basic and (in his view) intractable factors which govern African life: "the great size of the continent, the low rainfall and shortage of surface water in large parts of it, widespread human and animal diseases, our own ignorance about many fundamental problems, and the general poverty and illiteracy of Africa's many million inhabitants."

He cited the examples of men of many East African tribes who served in the British Army in World War II, not only in Somalia and Ethiopia, but overseas in Madagascar and Burma. These men had exerted leadership and held responsibility in battle, and had earned medals as N.C.O.s. Yet there were many such who changed their uniforms for scraps of ochre-stained cloth and their rifles for spears, and settled down contentedly again to herding their cattle. "This is something worth pondering," Mr. Hennings wrote in 1951, "for it is the reverse of the progress which some people hope to see."

This I believe to be an accurate and percipient record of what most people with any knowledge and love of Africa, nine short years ago, hoped and believed would happen. It was a wise and practical forecast with nothing complacent or reactionary about it. Yet to read it again now, in the lurid light of what is happening all over Africa, is to be stirred to a sense of something deeper than pathos, and approaching tragedy.

What was absent from this assessment—and certainly no blame at all attaches to Mr. Hennings for its absence—was the realisation that Britain, even then, was rapidly losing both the will and the capacity to regulate the rate of development in Africa, economic, social, administrative and political. In the past nine years political development—or, at any rate, the emergence of a minority of literate, politically sophisticated Africans, eager to take over political power—has far outstripped every other kind of development.

If we were able to contemplate the whole phenomenon objectively, we might be able to see in it a curious and extremely significant reversal of what happened here in Western Europe. We developed slowly over many centuries the political and administrative framework of our society, which even a series of long and devastating wars could not totally destroy. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries we suddenly leaped forward in our industrial and scientific techniques; for thirty years and more we have been asking ourselves, in growing doubt and perplexity, whether our political and administrative systems, rooted in our unmechanised and non-scientific past, can be geared to our present way of life.

The Africans (and this only applies to the small, articulate minority), having jumped from the Stone Age into the middle of the twentieth century, take economic, industrial and scientific factors brusquely for granted. They concentrate all their energy and interest on the rapid construction of political systems, whose relevance and utility to ourselves in our situation in Western Europe (let alone the Africans in theirs) many are seriously and strenuously questioning.

Any argument with Africans about Africa is therefore bound to be conducted on two planes. Their plane is that of what is to them an abstract but attractive set of political theories, sustained by a quite natural eagerness for power. Ours is the plane of economic and technical calculation, founded on experience hardly gained, anxious and cautious. With the best will in the world it would be difficult for there to be a real and lasting meeting of minds, of the kind, for example, which has so profoundly and so constructively affected relations between Britain and the succession States in the Indian sub-continent.

In Africa there is certainly not the best will in the world. What goodwill there was is rapidly and sadly diminishing. In India, even in the worst of times, even when there was very little goodwill, there was always intellectual comprehension. Each side understood—perhaps almost too subtly and with too scrupulous an attention to detail—what the other side was about. In Africa affection has gone, and there is no understanding.

Every now and again the world is given glimpses, most of them horrifying, of how deep the rift is. South Africa is supplying most of them at present; Ghana has before now offered, and will offer again, some lurid examples. Mr. Tom Mboya, with his sudden, compulsive cry of "Scram out of Africa," was grimly illuminating. Sharpeville, as I said a week or two ago, has every sign of being regarded as another Amritsar. There was the African leader who observed bitterly to an English journalist about the Afrikaner Nationalists' Bantu rehousing projects, "I'm glad they make such a fuss about them. *Because that's where they're going to live.*"

There were the Afrikaner policemen who sealed off the township of Nyanga for two days and went into it with truncheons, and no one to report and photograph what they did. There is the nightmare regulation, under the Union's new form of martial law and racial despotism forbidding the publication of any individual arrest until six weeks after it has been made. There was Dr. Erasmus's casual dismissal of the fact that a baby in arms had been killed by police rifle-fire as "unfortunate," followed by the comment that he was surprised that there had not been more incidents of this kind.

Hatred, frantic fear and the lust for vengeance are piling up against a terrible future. The quality of despair in the South African situation can be gauged by the fact that one of the staunchest, bravest men alive, Ambrose Reeves, the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, due for long leave in the United Kingdom at the beginning of April, withdrew silently and secretly a day or two earlier from his diocese into the British Protectorate of Swaziland. This is the police state in action; and to those of us old enough to remember the opening phases of Nazi rule in Germany a quarter of a century ago, it is grimly familiar. This in practice is that policy which Mr. Selwyn Lloyd described as "wrong and unworkable." *Apartheid* as a policy springs, as we all know, from a passionate belief in White supremacy and superiority. Is it any answer to the wicked absolutism of this claim to establish, behind the façade of one-man-one-vote Parliamentary democracy, Black supremacy ?

This is the danger latent in that lack of understanding to which I have drawn attention. It is already apparent in the headlong course of political developments in Central and East Africa. That one sort of absolutism should replace another sort of absolutism would surely be abhorrent. Yet this is what the more ardent supporters of present British policy in these regions, for which the Parliament of the United Kingdom still has a practical as well as a moral responsibility, will not openly concede; and it is what is bound to happen if, in present conditions, political power is transferred to the African nationalist leaders.

Mr. Macleod, with a dogged courage worthy of his ancestry, has followed his hard and comfortless road in the Federation. He has encountered frank and bitter hostility among people of his own stock, type and background. He has persevered; he has secured the release from detention of Dr. Hastings Banda, and has for the time being obtained that mercurial little man's co-operation; but the establishment of African majority rule in Nyasaland cannot now be far off—any more than it is in Kenya—and it is anybody's guess as to how statesmanlike Dr. Banda will be then, or whether, indeed, he will be there to be statesmanlike.

The next logical step is to release Jomo Kenyatta. When that step is taken, a new storm will break. The liquidation of a great empire, we are discovering as all our predecessors have discovered, is a ruinous and dishonourable as well as a shameful process.

FIREWORKS AND CHEERS

Pageantry and Entertainment for General de Gaulle During the State Visit

THE GREAT FIREWORK DISPLAY ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE VISIT: Thousands of people throng the approaches to Buckingham Palace to watch the display in honour of the French President and Madame de Gaulle. The Queen and her guests watched from the Palace balcony.

SHOWERS OF FIRE: With the floodlit Palace in the background, one of the many colourful fireworks explodes over the lake in St. James's Park. The £3,000 firework display, which started with a set-piece depicting the Cross of Lorraine, lasted for more than twenty minutes.

THE STATE DRIVE THROUGH LONDON: After the welcoming ceremony at Victoria St the Q Edinburgh accompanied Madame de Gaulle in the second carriage. As proces from the Tower of London. Flags of the two countries were flying from buil and st

ON THE PALACE BALCONY: General de Gaulle waves his arms to acknowledge the cheers as he stands on the balcony with the Queen and several of the guests who had attended the banquet in the white-and-gold State ballroom. To the left of the President and the Queen are the Queen Mother ; the Duchess of Kent, and Princess Alexandra. To the right are Princess Margaret (with Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones behind her); Madame de Gaulle and the Duke of Edinburgh. The other guests on the balcony include the Prime Minister and M. Couve de Murville.

he Queen drives with the President to Buckingham Palace. The Duke of rocession set out from the station, 41-gun salutes were fired in Hyde Park and nd standards along the route, which was lined with men of the three Services.

A TRIBUTE TO MARSHAL FOCH: The President stands at the salute after laying a wreath at the statue near Victoria Station. Before rejoining his car, General de Gaulle walked across the road to shake hands with some of the people watching the ceremony. Earlier, he had visited Westminster Abbey.

SIEGFRIED LINE DESTROYED

Removing Hitler's Defences in West Germany

Germany's first Siegfried Line was built during the First World War, being one of a number of fortified zones with Wagnerian names at the rear of the Hindenburg Line. Hitler was responsible for the second Siegfried Line. The German leader ordered its construction in 1938 as a counter to the Maginot Line of France.

The Todt Labour organisation carried out the work on the massive German defences which ran from a point 15 miles east of Basel to Karlsruhe, on the Rhine, and then turned westwards to face eventually the frontiers of Belgium and the Netherlands. The main part of the Line had steel and concrete fortifications some two miles in depth. Quarters and communications were underground. So were artillery emplacements which were mounted in cupolas, which could be raised for firing. Above the ground there were several thousand concrete forts and pillboxes equipped with anti-tank artillery.

It is now a matter of history that neither the Maginot nor the Siegfried Lines served the purposes for which they were intended. In 1940 German strategy outflanked the French defences, which were then taken in reverse. The Siegfried Line was not completed when the Germans concluded their successful campaign in France. In 1943 Hitler appears to have considered the fortifications unnecessary in the middle of his Fortress Europe and the Line was neglected in favour of the West Wall on the French and Lowlands coasts. In 1944 the Americans penetrated the Siegfried Line near Geilenkirchen.

A year ago the West German Government began a systematic demolition of the Line. The solid defences will take several years to break up and remove completely.

Below—

ONCE THE PRIDE OF THE WEHRMACHT: A bulldozer and a crane assist in clearing away a pile of rubble in a section of the defences.

A PILLBOX IS BLASTED: A shower of debris is thrown up by the force of the charge as a strong-point in the Siegfried Line is blown up near Landau, in the Rhineland. The German defence system was constructed on the orders of Hitler in 1938 and ran along the borders with France, Belgium and the Netherlands. The main part of the Siegfried Line had steel and concrete fortifications nearly two miles in depth. About a year ago the West German Government started on a systematic programme of demolition of the defences.

MASSIVE DEFENCES: Workers use pneumatic drills to break up a wall of an emplacement. *On right*—A close-up view of the drilling operation shows the solid mass of the concrete. It is expected to be many years before final traces of the Line have been removed.

FROM MILITARY TO PEACEFUL USE: Stones from the Siegfried Line are laid in a new road being built near Landau. In this region alone there are some 300 pillboxes still to be demolished. The West German Government has set aside an annual sum of about £60,000 for the entire demolition.

A MONSTER "FIRE-ENGINE": A huge Martin Mars flying-boat roars above Sidney Harbour, in British Columbia, and discharges 6,500 gallons of water. *On left*—Another view of the demonstration. Its purpose was to show how the aircraft could be equipped as a fire-engine for use against forest fires.

A demonstration recently took place on the west coast of Canada to show a new use to which flying-boats might be put. Interested spectators gathered round Sidney Harbour, in British Columbia, to watch an experiment organised by the Lumber Companies of British Columbia. On the water was lying a huge Martin Mars flying-boat, one of the Forest Industries' flying tankers. Some 6,500 gallons of water were pumped into the aircraft, which then took off. Roaring in low over the harbour, the Martin Mars at a given signal opened its tanks and a vast flood was discharged. The object of the experiment was to suggest that flying-boats could be employed to fight the scourge of the lumber men, forest fires. A "flying fire-engine" should obviously be able to reach the scene of a fire very speedily and pour a deluge on the flames.

FIRE-FIGHTING FLYING-BOAT

A Unique Experiment in British Columbia

IN THE CENTRE OF AUSTRALIA'S "GARDEN CITY": The building is one of the administration centres of the Federal Government. Canberra was chosen as the capital of Australia in 1908 after the federation of the country's six States in 1901. It was planned from the start as a city of gardens and parks, and in less than fifty years its population has risen to 45,000. Within another ten years it is expected to be 100,000.

IN MODERN CANBERRA

Australia's Rapidly Expanding Federal Capital is a City of Gardens and Parks

At the turn of the century the site of the future city of Canberra was still used for grazing sheep. To-day, the Federal Capital of Australia is a thriving home for 45,000 people. The centre of Government, it is Australia's most rapidly developing urban centre, and within a decade its population is expected to be 100,000. In 1947 it was 15,156. Eventually, when all Government departments have their headquarters there; when other organisations are operating at full capacity, and private enterprise has grown to meet all requirements, about 250,000 people are expected to be living in and around the city.

Canberra is situated in the Australian Capital Territory, a 939-sq.-mile section of south-eastern Australia, within the State of

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCE: One of the city's new buildings, it consists of a great dome of reinforced concrete, covered with a skin of copper sheets, and extending over 24,175 sq. ft. The points of the semi-circular arches rest in the moat surrounding the building. Construction began in 1957.

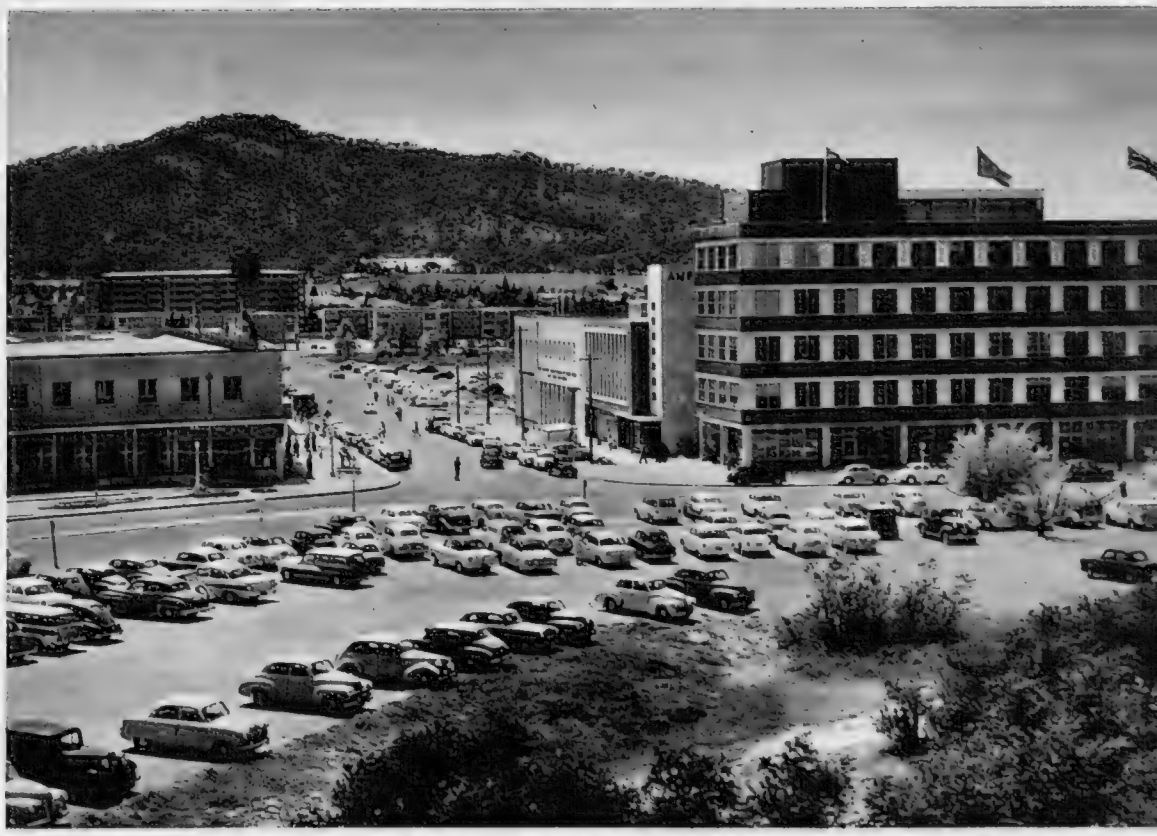
IN THE CIVIC CENTRE: The street forms part of the main shopping and business area of Canberra. Since the last war, new suburbs have been built and new shopping and business centres established

CANBERRA FROM THE AIR: The picture shows a section of the suburbs with the Brindibella Ranges (part of the Australian Alps) in the background. Canberra itself is about 2,000 ft. above sea-level.

New South Wales. It is about 2,000 ft. above sea-level and lies in the Molonglo River Valley of the Monaro Tablelands. The site for the building of the city was approved in 1908, seven years after the six States of Australia had agreed on a Federal capital. In 1911 a world-wide competition was conducted for the design of the city, and this was won by Walter B. Griffin, a landscape architect from Chicago. From the start, Canberra was planned as a city of gardens and parks, and although changing conditions have necessarily resulted in modifications, the fundamental principles of Griffin's plan remain. The national buildings and Government administrative blocks are generally situated in the heart of the city with the suburbs spread over some 30 sq. miles to the north and south of the Molonglo River. Sheep still graze within the city's limits.

The development of Canberra was seriously retarded by the two World wars when building was almost at a standstill. But in spite of this, the Federal capital continues to expand rapidly. More public buildings have gone up as some departments are still waiting to be transferred from Melbourne; new suburbs have been created and new shopping and business centres established. Keeping pace with this development have been more parks and gardens as well as recreational centres. Playing fields surround all the city's schools. Parliament House still remains the focal point of the city. It is a low, white, rambling building overlooking the Molonglo Valley.

More and more tourists visit Canberra each year, and more organisations are holding their annual conventions there. It is also a seat of science and learning, the Australian National University having been established there in 1948. The Australian Academy of Science also has its headquarters in the city. A few miles from the heart of the city is Mount Stromlo, with its observatory, and at the foot of Black Mountain are important developments of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation. Three defence establishments also add to the diversity of life in Canberra.



PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE FOR CARS: They have been parked along the wide thoroughfares and in open spaces in part of the city's commercial centre. Frequent air, road and rail services link the Federal capital with all the Australian States. Sydney (New South Wales) is 148 miles away and Melbourne (Victoria) 315 miles.

The Easter Eggs of Childhood

Easter for the Welsh Child was a Time for Presents of New Clothes and Food —Hot Cross Buns, Easter Cakes and Easter Eggs of all Shapes and Colours

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

FROM a childish point of view Easter did not perhaps quite come up to Christmas—a point of view which, speaking for myself, was concerned not with the religious aspect of either festival, but solely with what I was going to get to eat and what I was going to receive in the way of presents. But the Easters of my childhood were pretty good: and I remember them with affection. We always got presents then, and among them there were always clothes. There was a strong superstition in that part of Wales—there still is—that at Easter something new must be worn. If you were a woman and you went to church or chapel in an old hat, for example, then you could be sure that before you reached church or chapel door some passing bird would befoul it. Such an event is regarded as lucky in the part of England in which I now live. We did not regard it so, but then we had not so many clothes.

So every Easter you would see all the young girls and the young unmarried women in new Easter bonnets. They were real bonnets, tied beneath the chin with gaily-coloured ribbons, and they looked very pretty. All the older women, even the very old women, and all the young married women, wore new hats. I do not know why it was considered wrong, and I have an idea that it was actually considered improper, for a young married woman to wear an Easter bonnet, but memory tells me that it was so.

Not everyone could afford a new hat every Easter. In that case, you altered the old hat; making it new by changing the ribbons, or by adding flowers or birds, as one old lady, I remember, used to do; and I used to wonder where she got the little birds from. Or you covered the whole thing with some fresh and pretty remnant. But, if you could afford a new dress as well as a new bonnet or hat, then you wore a new dress at Easter. If you could afford only one new dress in the year, which must, I think, have been the case with many of the women, then you bought that new dress for Easter. The Easter parade in that village was a colourful occasion.

This new clothes superstition did not apply to the men. They had their working clothes and a suit "for best," for church or chapel, for weddings and funerals: and that suit lasted a lifetime. No man would have dreamed of buying a new hat every year: the old was too comfortable to discard. There was a cap or hat for work, and a hat "for best": and both lasted a lifetime. Passing birds did not worry the men. But I think that most of the men also had some new article of clothing at Easter: a new shirt maybe, a new stiff white collar (a "butterfly" for churchgoing), a new tie. Certainly, I always had some new article of clothing for Easter: perhaps so that I should not feel neglected when my sister had her new bonnet.

At any rate, every Easter I would receive a new tie from an aunt who lived in one of the most select parts of London. These ties were always brilliantly striped. In those days the stripes were horizontal, not diagonal as they are now. They filled me with delight, for I was convinced that each was the very latest London fashion. It was only when I got to my public school that I began to have doubts about my aunt's fashion-sense. She was a dear old lady and she continued to send me an Easter tie (all horizontally striped) until I came down from Oxford. They were jolly useful, too—as belts.

JUST OUT OF THE EGG: A day-old chick stands on top of a clutch of eggs. Chicks and eggs, as symbols of new-born life, have been associated with spring and the Vernal Equinox since pagan times. From its earliest days, Christianity has recognised the egg as a symbol of the Resurrection and Easter, and eggs of various kinds as gifts.

But it was not merely clothing that made Easter something special to look forward to. There was food. Good Friday brought its spiced hot cross buns, which we ate at breakfast. You did not go to the shop to buy these. The baker came round early in the morning, ringing a bell and crying "Hot Cross Buns," which he carried in a large flat tray balanced on his head, just as the old muffin men used to do. And Easter brought its Easter cakes. These were not like the round biscuit-like Easter cakes which are sold in most confectioners' shops at Easter nowadays. They were round and flat, but they, too, were highly spiced. These were not brought round—you went to the shop to buy them—but, as with hot cross buns, we were allowed one at breakfast and the rest at tea.

As always, the great thing at Easter was the Easter egg. It is, I am sure, a survival of some pagan ceremony, the details of which have long since been forgotten. The festival of Easter is named after the Saxon goddess, Eostre, in whose honour, as Bede tells us in his *De Temporum Ratione*, the month of April was once called Eosturmonath. Eostre was the goddess of spring, the dawn goddess, and, though we now know nothing of the ceremonies which took place in her honour at the Vernal Equinox, it is evident that they must have taken the form of a spring celebration, something to mark the return, the resurrection, of life. The egg is an obvious symbol of resurrection, of new life. It was so regarded by pagan peoples in many parts of the world. From the very earliest times, Christianity definitely associated the egg with the Resurrection. Pope Paul V sanctioned a prayer to be read in churches at the time when the eggs were blessed after the Lenten fast:

> Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the Resurrection of Our Lord.

For Christians, at Easter, the egg became the natural gift.

There are still, in this country at Easter, all sorts of ceremonies connected with eggs. The old game of egg-rolling is still kept up at a number of places, especially in the North of England. There are still, I understand, a number of place-egg plays, though the only one of which I have definite knowledge is that at Midgley (and a number of other places near Halifax), the actors being the boys of the Calder High School, Mytholmroyd. This play ends with a song, the last verse of which is:

> A star on his breast
> Like silver doth shine:
> We hope you 'll remember
> It 's pace-egging time.

When I was a boy there was a pace-egg play in Cheshire. The players had blackened faces. I never saw this play, but I do not think that there was much Christian good-will about it, for I am told that the last verse ended with the words "your hens shall all lay addled eggs, your cocks shall all lay stones." I do not think that there is a pace-egg play performed in Cheshire now, but I am assured that that last ungenerous verse is still remembered by some village children.

In our part of Wales we did not have a pace-egg play or egg-rolling or anything like that. We just concentrated on eggs. And how wonderful were the Easter eggs of my childhood! There were little marzipan eggs, which always came in nests, most realistically coloured: the genuine hedgesparrow-blue, the true squiggles of the "scribbling lark." They were so realistic that my sister could never bring herself to eat hers at once. There were chocolate eggs of all sizes; some hollow and some filled with sweet gooey "cream." Always there was one big pasteboard egg, which was filled with sweets and tied with a broad ribbon like a sash. This, when the sweets were finished, was never thrown away, but was used to hold all sorts of small articles, stamps and pins, and the like.

You can buy eggs like these to-day, though it is a long time since I saw a nest of eggs truly realistic in colouring. But what has happened to the trick eggs and the eggs which were beautiful examples of craftsmanship and held real surprises? I remember a brown egg, and you took off the top (just as you do with a boiled egg) and out popped a snake. It was so like a proper boiled egg that you could take in a guest with it at breakfast: or, at any rate, we children thought you could. Then there were those which you opened at the top, and up popped a fluffy yellow chicken on a spring. It is a long time since I have seen eggs like that, though I suppose that they are still obtainable.

It is longer still since I have seen what I call a craftsman's egg, and I doubt if they are made nowadays. I remember one, no more than an inch long, which was a cradle holding a perfect baby doll. Another that opened down the middle and was a perfect workbasket with pins and needles, silks and cottons, a thimble, everything. Above all, I remember one which opened out flat (on a hinge) and inside there was a New Testament, the shell of the egg forming the cover of the book. As I remember, it was not any bigger than a duck's egg, but the print was clear enough.

But the great thing at Easter in our household was the breakfast egg. You came down to breakfast and there was a bowl of them. The bowl was a nest, lined with moss and ferny wild carrot, and primrose leaves and celandines round the edge. In the middle lay the eggs; blue and brown and pink and green and red and purple. (I wonder what dye was used for the purple?) I always wanted a blue one: not because this was my favourite colour, but because I was convinced that blue eggs tasted better than any other colour. It was very rarely that I was allowed to take the blue egg. Our governess, who had a memory like an elephant, always remembered that I had had a blue egg the previous Easter. It is not true that elephants never forget, but it is true that they have memories like women: they remember all the things you wish they would forget, and forget all the things they should remember. So I had to make do with an egg of some other colour. This was supposed to make me unselfish.

To-morrow I shall sit down at breakfast before a bowl of eggs. The bowl will be a nest, lined with moss and ferny wild carrot and primrose leaves and celandines round the edge. In the middle there will be eggs; blue and pink and brown and red and green, but not purple, for we do not know how to dye an egg purple. And I shall have the blue egg. I have one every Easter now.

Westminster Restoration

Work Continues on Restoring the Fabric of the Abbey Where Princess Margaret is to be Married Next Month

RESTORATION WORK ON THE ROOF OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Towards the east end of the building the painter is preparing one of the decorative bosses for its coating of gold leaf.

On right—

A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK: A piece of stone is fashioned by a stone-mason. In 1953 a special brochure was prepared in connection with the Abbey's appeal for £1,000,000, to cover the cost of restoration work and the maintenance of the fabric, and for other purposes.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The picture clearly shows the contrast between the sections which have been cleaned and those awaiting treatment. Behind the cloth-covered scaffolding, work is in progress on the restoration of the screen which separates the nave from the choir. Beyond the screen is one of the two organ cases. The decision to embark on the present extensive restoration of the interior and exterior fabric was made soon after the Coronation in 1953. When the work started, it was discovered that the state of decay in some parts of the building was far more serious than at first anticipated, and priority had to be given to urgent repairs. Once these had been carried out, attention could be given to the stonework and marble pillars. Already the Abbey is recovering its pristine cleanliness and colour. Some of the ornaments have been re-gilded, and in the choir the restored whiteness of the roof adds to the lofty elegance of the vaulting. Although the work is taking many years, it is hoped the interior will be finished by 1965, in time for the 900th anniversary of the founding of the original Abbey.

AT THE EAST END OF THE ABBEY: The view *on the left* is from the screen at the end of the nave. The high altar and reredos are covered with lenten hangings. Much of the restoration work at the east end is complete. In the nave the work will take about another year. *Right*—The shrine of Edward the Confessor, founder of the Norman abbey, has been re-gilded. At Princess Margaret's marriage, this chapel, which is situated immediately behind the high altar, will be used for the signing of the register.

AFRICANS ON THE MARCH: A column of natives moves through a street in the centre of Durban. They had marched from the African township of Cato Manor, outside the city. When police opened fire three Africans were killed.

AFRICAN FERMENT

Death and Disorder in Demonstrations in Durban

The declaration of a State of Emergency at the end of last month led immediately to widespread violence throughout the Union of South Africa. Events at Cato Manor, the African township outside Durban and scene of the beer hall riots last year, were part of the general pattern. Knowing that the Africans proposed to stay away from work in protest against the Government's latest measure, and fearing riots, police and troops sealed off the township.

In defiance of the authorities the natives assembled in three columns and set out to march into Durban. Two of the columns were turned back by the police. The third broke through the cordons and headed into the centre of the city. Their objective was the prison to which their leaders had been taken after their arrest the previous day. Armed with sticks and hatchets and sharpened wire the demonstrators forced other Africans to join in the march.

Reports stated that the armed police, backed by Saracen armoured-cars and troops with fixed bayonets called on the column to halt in the suburbs. The appeal being ignored, warning shots were fired into the air over the Africans' heads. When the marchers still moved on, weapons were fired into the crowd. Three Africans were killed and three wounded. Strikes and violence in the Union led to business leaders appealing to Dr. Verwoerd in the middle of last week. In the hope of ending the crisis they asked for a meeting with the Prime Minister with a view to proposing radical changes in the racial policies.

A MEETING WITH THE AUTHORITIES: Africans climb on to a Saracen armoured car in Cato Manor to be driven to the sports field nearby where they were to be addressed by the Chief Magistrate.

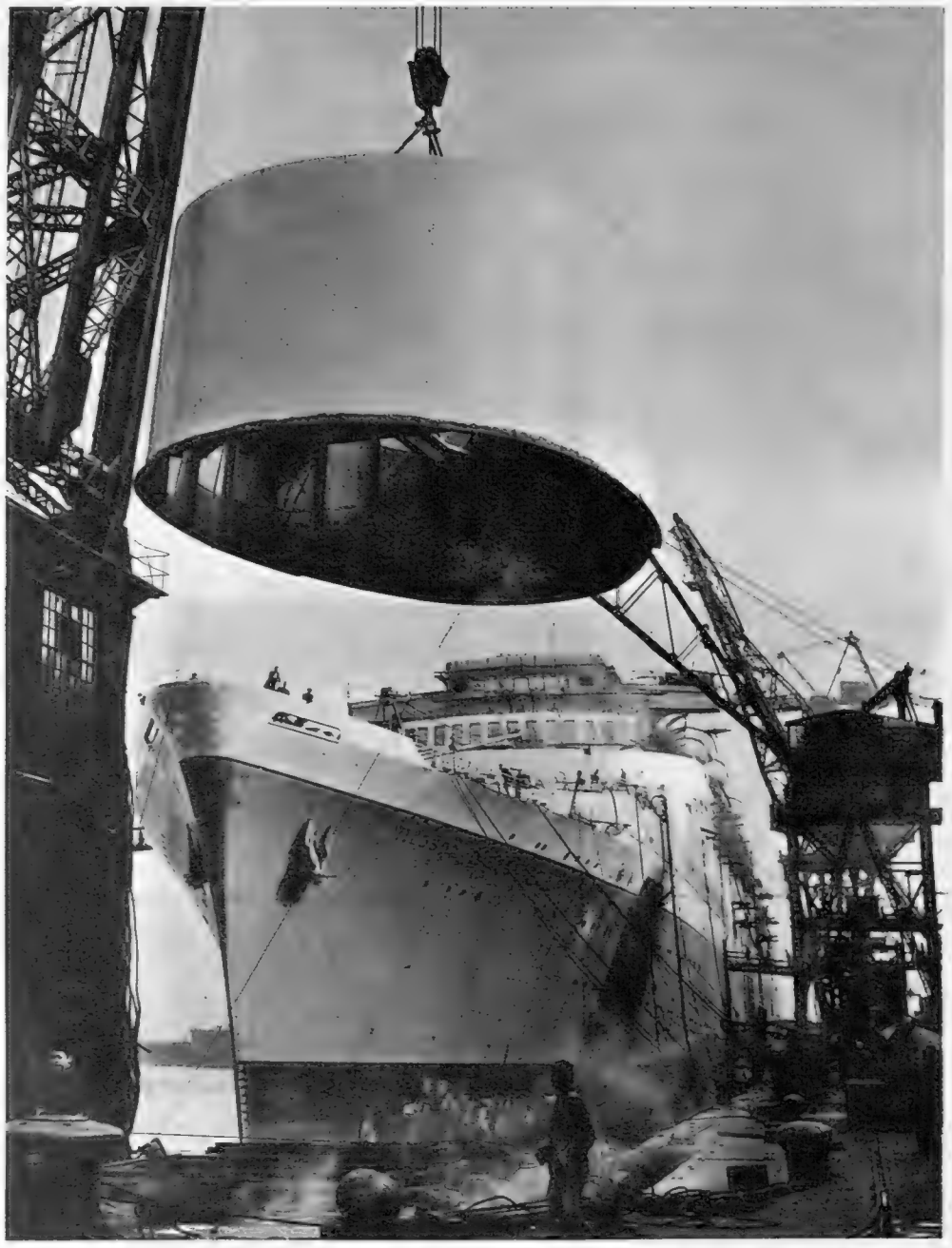
A ROAD BLOCK: A car is stopped at night near Cato Manor at a check point manned by troops and the driver is questioned by a police sergeant.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION IN THE CENTRE OF DURBAN: An armoured car mans police keeping them to the pavement and side of the road. European wo automatic weapons and supported by armoured vehicles had stopped

DEFYING THE POLICE AND TROOPS: Africans brandish sticks, hatchets and sharpened pieces of wire on their march through a suburb of Durban towards the centre of the city. It was reported that the demonstrators dragged other Africans out of shops and off bicycles and forced them to join in the march. Cato Manor had been sealed off the previous day. When the natives broke out in defiance of the authorities police at first fired shots into the air. After these warnings had been ignored shots were fired into the crowd. Besides the three Africans reported killed, three were wounded.

corner of Syringa Avenue as the column of natives comes up with armed engaged in shopping took refuge in shops and banks. Police armed with other columns of Africans from marching into Durban from Cato Manor.

OUTSIDE THE PRISON: Having reached their objective demonstrators stand outside the gaol in which their leaders had been imprisoned 24 hours before under the State of Emergency Regulations. The column of marchers soon dispersed. On the same day there were riots in the Cape Town area.



THE "WINDSOR CASTLE" GETS HER FUNNEL: At the shipyard at Birkenhead of Cammell Laird and Sons, a crane lifts the huge metal structure off the ground to swing it into position on the new liner, which is nearing completion. She is due in service on the mail route from Southampton to South Africa in August. One of the largest liners to be built in Britain since the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Windsor Castle* will be the new flagship of the Union-Castle Line. She has a gross tonnage of 38,000 tons, a moulded breadth of 92 ft., and when she is fully loaded, she will draw 32 ft. of water. Her high-pressure steam turbines, driving twin screws, give a cruising speed of 23 knots. She has accommodation for 250 first-class and 600 tourist-class passengers.

THE WORLD'S SHIPPING

Vessels in Britain, Italy, Germany and the U.S.

THE FIRST DESTROYER BUILT IN WEST GERMANY SINCE THE WAR: The *Hamburg* is on the slipway at the Stülchen shipyard at Hamburg. *Right*—The destroyer slides into the water during the launching ceremony. Due to be commissioned next year, she is the first of four destroyers being built by H. C. Stülchen Sohn under the West German construction programme. Five more of the same type will be built at Kiel, all of them named after district capitals of West Germany. *Hamburg* will displace 3,800 tons when fully loaded. Her MAN geared turbines, rated at 80,000 s.h.p., will give her a speed of 40 knots and she will be armed with four 3.9-in. dual-purpose guns, six 3-in. and five 21-in. torpedo tubes, as well as modern anti-submarine equipment.

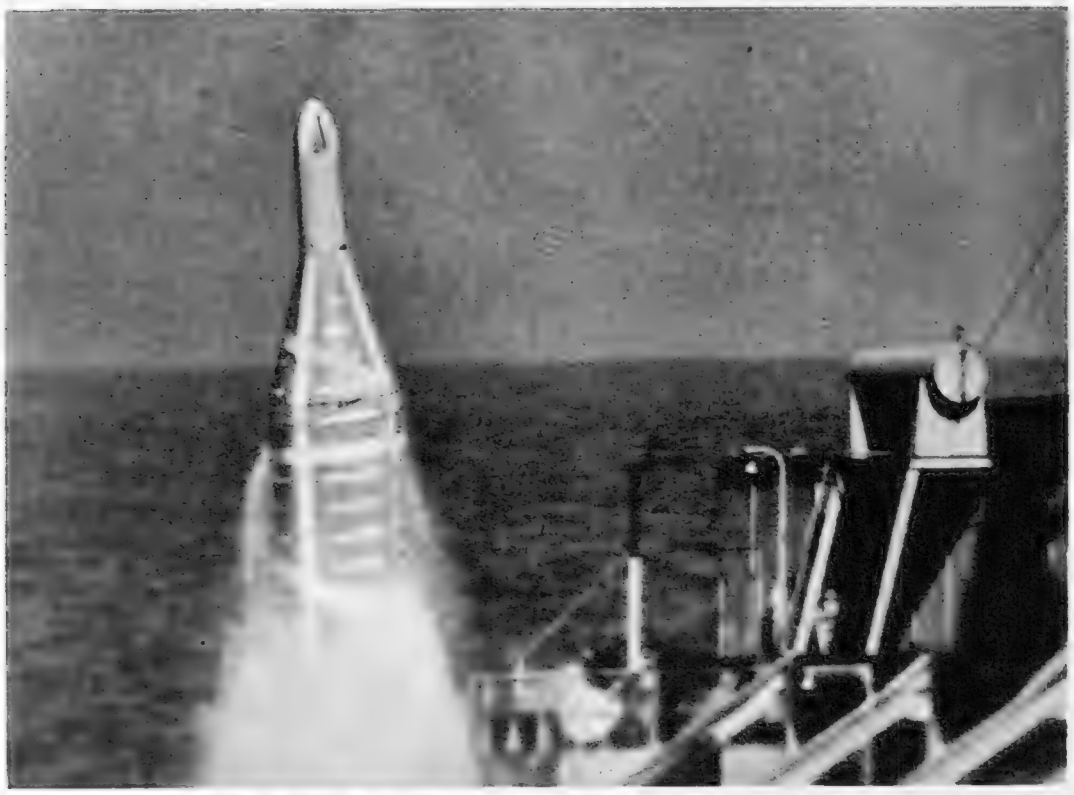
NEW ITALIAN LINER NEARLY READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: At the Ansaldo shipyard, in Genoa, scaffolding still surrounds part of the superstructure and funnel of the *Leonardo da Vinci* as workmen put the finishing touches to the exterior and complete the interior decoration of the liner. The largest liner to be built in Italy since the end of the war, the *Leonardo da Vinci* is due to leave Genoa on her maiden voyage to New York at the end of June. She will carry for the " Italia " Lines 1,300 passengers in 521 cabins of three classes. Her crew will number 600. There are three swimming-pools, one for each class, and a children's pool on board the liner. With a length of 765 ft., the liner has a gross tonnage of 32,000 tons. Her steam turbines, which are rated at 35,000 h.p., will give her a speed, when fully loaded, of 23 knots, but she will sail when half loaded at 25.3 knots. The liner is fitted with Denny Brown stabilisers.

SHIP WITHOUT A MIDDLE: In the Flender shipyards at Lübeck, in West Germany, the bows of the former Dutch tanker *Sliedrecht* rest high and dry on the slipway. Some distance away in the water is the stern portion of the vessel, which is undergoing an unusual transformation in the German yard. The mid-section of the tanker has been cut away so that all the crude-oil bunkers have been removed. A new mid-section is to be constructed, with holds for various kinds of dry goods, and this will be welded to the existing bows and stern. When the operation is finished, the former Dutch tanker will have been turned into a German freighter.

AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE HANDED OVER TO TURKEY: At the ceremony at the naval shipyard in San Francisco, the former U.S.S. *Mapiro* is handed over to the Turkish Navy. She is now the *Pirireis* and is one of ten submarines of the Balao type, which have been acquired from the U.S. Government. The *Pirireis* was completed in 1945 and took part in the Saipan Island invasion in the closing stages of the last war and then joined the Pacific Reserve Fleet. In common with the others of her class, the submarine has a high standard of accommodation, including separate messing and sleeping compartments. She has a displacement of 1,526 tons standard.

MISSILE, ATOM BOMB, SATELLITE

American Tests for the Polaris, the Second French Atomic Explosion, and a Satellite to Photograph the Weather

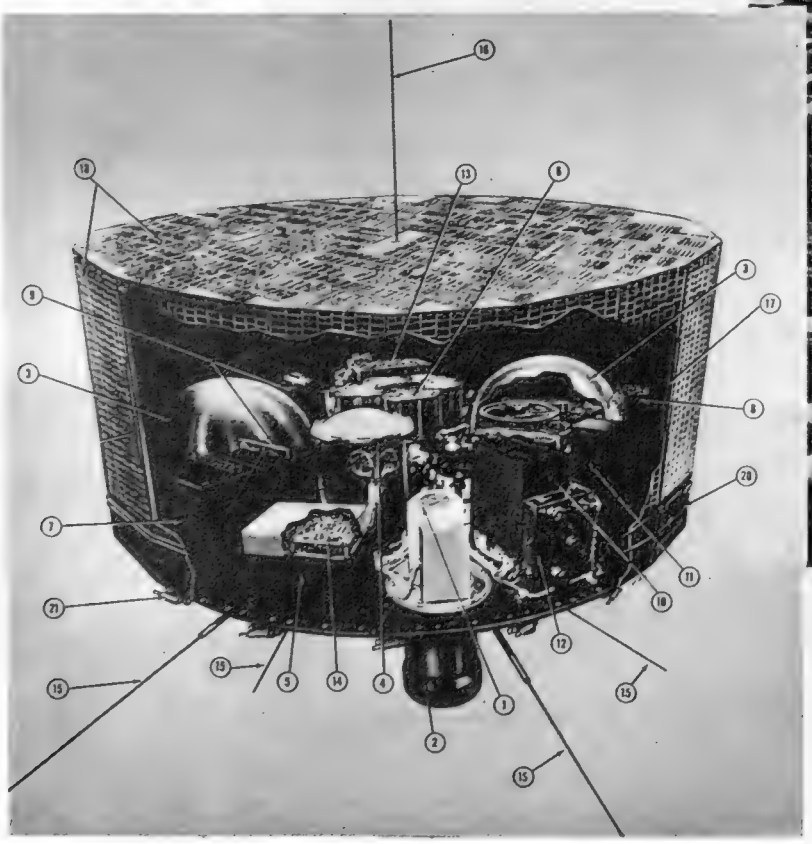


TESTS FOR THE POLARIS: A Dolphin practice vehicle bursts out of the water at the sea range of the Naval Ordnance Station at San Clemente, in California. The vehicle has been used in practice tests to gain technical experience in underwater launchings of the live Polaris guided missiles from their submarines.

SURROUNDED BY WATER: A Dolphin vehicle discharges its water ballast to halt its momentum during a trial at San Clemente. Dolphins are to be fitted into the submarines, designed to carry the Polaris missiles, so that the crews can make the final adjustments to the launching systems and prepare for the installations of the live missiles. The Polaris is designed to be fired from a tube under the water and to have a range of over 1,000 nautical miles. At the same time as the San Clemente tests, a series of test flights with Polaris missiles started at Cape Canaveral. The first missile to be launched from its pneumatic tube made a successful flight.

On right—

ANOTHER SAHARA ATOMIC EXPLOSION: To the south of Reggane the mushroom cloud rises in the air, after a small French plutonium atomic device was set off. It was stated to have an explosive power less than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, and to be a step towards making smaller but effective weapons. The weapon was small enough to be dropped, with some modification, from an aircraft, and had a power of less than 20 kilotons. In the first French test, the chief object was to make sure that the device went off. This explosion took place at the top of a special pylon: the second was carried out in a hut at ground level.



A TEST MODEL FOR A SATELLITE WEATHER STATION: At Cape Canaveral, in Florida, technicians make the final check on the National Aeronautics and Space Administration meteorological satellite, Tiros (Television Infra-Red Observation Satellite). It was successfully launched recently to photograph weather round the earth, transmitting pictures from its television cameras back to earth. *Left* is a drawing giving details of Tiros. The key is: (1) one of the two ¼-in. television cameras; (2) a wide-angle camera lens; (3) tape-recorders; (4) an electronic timer controlling operational sequences; (5) a television transmitter; (6) chemical batteries; (7) electronic apparatus for the cameras; (8) electronic apparatus for the tape-recorders; (9) control circuits; (10) auxiliary controls; (11) a power converter for the tape-recorder motor; (12) a voltage regulator; (13) a battery charging regulator; (14) an auxiliary synchronising generator for the television cameras; (15) transmitting antennæ; (16) receiving antenna; (17) a solar sensor to measure the position of the satellite in respect to the sun; (18) solar cells; (20) de-spinning mechanism; and (21) spinning rockets.

Evolution of Paint Retailing

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

FOUR years ago, when the British chemical industry celebrated the centenary of William Perkin's accidental discovery of aniline purple, later called mauve—which was not only the first of the synthetic dyestuffs, but the first synthetic organic chemical of any major significance—the British Colour Council put out a colour card for paints and dyes consisting of a range of purples, mauves and lilacs. This seems to have sown the seed of a fashion for violet shades in this country since then, which, as Mr. Fabian Birren, an internationally-known colour consultant, remarked in London recently, has no parallel in the United States. The final seal of acceptance of these violet shades came last year with their inclusion in the colour range for cars such as Ford, Triumph, and even Rolls-Royce; before a motor manufacturer introduces a new colour for his cars, with the big orders for particular paints and the matching of upholstery that this often means, he has to be fairly sure it will catch on.

Public taste in colour is capricious; it can be influenced, but not easily predicted, over any length of time. Mr. Birren, an American expert who recently became a consultant to Lewis Berger, one of Britain's larger paint manufacturers, thinks that the present enthusiasm in this country for great variety among colours may settle down soon, as a similar craze did in the United States shortly after the end of the war. But one can by no means predict British taste in colour by looking at America a year or two back, as one often can with consumer goods. Britain likes blues of all strengths much more than America does; and the United States has still a strong preference for pastel colours, against which British taste has swung right away towards bright and deep tints.

But against this shifting taste for lively colours—symbolised in the paint business, for example, by the "House and Garden" range—the paint manufacturers have a solid and steady market for conventional whites, creams, and other light colours. Though taste for brighter colours continues to grow, a recent estimate put 90-95 per cent. of retail purchases in this safer bread-and-butter range of colours. And the ordinary retailer—oil and colourman, ironmonger, or department of a store—may be thankful of it. The wide variety of brands, qualities and finishes of paints that he is obliged to stock nowadays—particularly for "do it yourself" customers likely to buy in smallish quantities—is further complicated by the wide range of colours offered in each grade.

Paint retailing has undergone a considerable evolution in this country over the last fifty years or so, and one that is not over yet; it is paralleling continued change in the nature and ingredients of paints. Well into the inter-war period perhaps half of the paint sold through shops in the country was stocked in powder or paste form; the oil and colourman made it up to the customer's requirements, mixing the ground pigment into a binder such as linseed oil. It was only with the development of the canning industry, and equally of more stable and reliable colours upon which the customer could constantly depend, that ready-mixed paints swept the counter and the shelves; requiring less skilled work from the shopkeeper, but a larger and more costly stock.

The multiplication of colours and shades desired by a public becoming steadily more discriminating in its turn, after the war, brought a partial reversion in this matter of putting the pigment into the paint; Jensen and Nicholson, in 1953, pioneered the "coloriser" system by which one buys small tubes of pigments to mix with base paints, at first white and now available in basic colours to give darker shades. Here the mixing, and the judgment, are left to the customer. But another manufacturer, Walter Carson Limited, has just introduced into this country a device that may restore this initiative to the retailer: a "colour dispensing" machine. These are automatic mixing machines that work with dials and push buttons to offer the shopkeeper up to 1,000 choices of predetermined shade; a tin of base paint can have the pigment put in and mechanically mixed for re-lidding and handing over to the buyer in twenty seconds.

Paint is a very substantial business here, in the retail market and outside it. Something over 100,000,000 gallons are sold annually in Britain; about half goes to other industries, perhaps 30 per cent. to shops, and 20 per cent. direct to the building trade. Total output, at factory values, was worth perhaps £125,000,000 in 1958; of this the industry exported paint worth £10,000,000. There are 500-600 different makers of paint in the country; but about four-fifths of the total gallonage of "surface coatings" produced in the country comes from about a dozen big companies.

Concentration in this business, moreover, is continuing. Early this year Courtaulds purchased Pinchin Johnson, the largest paint manufacturing group in the British Commonwealth, with about eleven manufacturing subsidiaries here and five overseas companies. Through British Celanese, Courtaulds was already producing solvents for paint at Derby, and it had in 1958 bought Cellon Limited, producer of dopes and specialised paints. In December last year Courtaulds had made an agreement with the Glidden Corporation, an important American manufacturer, to acquire technical know-how on paints; its £16,500,000 purchase of Pinchin Johnson finally carved out a really big foothold in paint manufacture.

Pinchin Johnson shares with I.C.I. Paints Division the bulk of the market for vehicle paints in this country; competition is likely to intensify. I.C.I. has itself been moving rapidly ahead in the general paint market since the early '50's, with its Dulux grades. Its enterprise here is backed with the group's vast expertise in all branches of organic chemical manufacture, and research into the plastic materials that are becoming so important in new kinds of paint, as well as with I.C.I.'s long experience in the manufacture and development of pigments.

With the steady shift towards synthetic resins as ingredients, paint manufacture is relying more and more upon the chemical industry—and in its own development, upon chemists. As a drying medium to carry the insoluble pigments (paint basically differs from dyestuffs in that it is not dissolved in the liquid but held dispersed within it), linseed oil has been partly supplanted by drying oil-modified alkyd synthetic resins, which dry faster. In the lacquers used on furniture, and on some motor-cars, nitrocellulose is the binder. In the emulsion paints, water is used instead of an organic solvent; these paints, based upon polyvinyl acetate, have grown enormously in popularity during the last five years. As easy to apply as distemper, an emulsion paint dries much faster into a tough, flexible plastic film with the specks of pigment imbedded in it. Water vapour will pass through these paints, so that the painting of damp new plaster or cement is no problem; on the other hand, they can be made proof against water as a liquid. Another new development for household decorators is the range of "thixotropic" paints, which are applied as a jelly that does not drip.

When one counts the trade, the home decorator, and the finish on consumer equipment, something over half of all paints sold may go into the home or on the outside of it. But the other, and more exacting half of the paint manufacturer's job, is to give industrial equipment of every kind the surface coatings it needs to avoid wear and corrosion in a huge variety of atmospheric and working conditions. The motor industry, formerly the largest consumer of nitrocellulose paints, now uses synthetic resin paints, heat-dried with a high gloss that needs no further polishing. For outstanding performance in adverse conditions, paints based upon the epoxy resins, the polyesters and polyisocyanates have been developed to a very high standard in recent years.

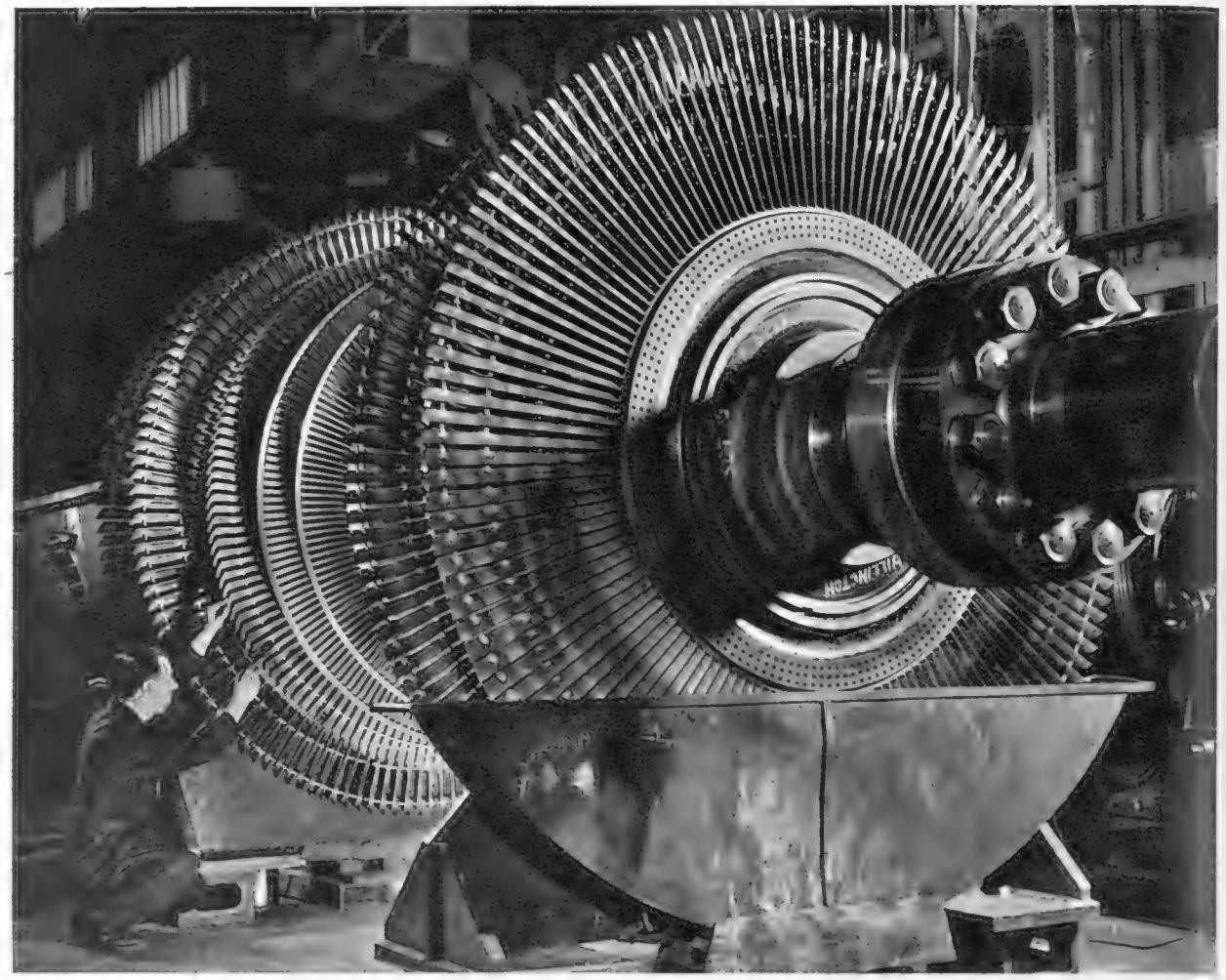
But any technical discussion of specialised surface coatings for industrial purposes fairly soon lapses into a sheer string of "polysyllabic" chemical nomenclature. These paints are not merely decorative but essential to the functioning of equipment; the complexity of the demands that manufacturers now have to meet is a constant spur to development. The British paint industry can do with this. Most of the less industrialised countries are developing their own industries to make the simpler paints and varnishes, but there remains a big world export trade for the major producers such as our own industry, whose advance has been based upon transforming an ancient craft into an industry based on science.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAINT: At the Britannic Works of British Paints Ltd., at Newcastle upon Tyne, technicians mix small batches of paint. *Left*—The long lines of tanks are for storing varnish in the Maturing House. Each tank can hold about 1,000 gallons.

On right—

FOR WILLINGTON "B"

Adjustments are made to a turbine rotor for one of the two 200,000 kW. generating sets being manufactured at the Trafford Park Works, Manchester, of Associated Electrical Industries, for the Willington "B" Power Station of the Central Electricity Generating Board. Willington "B" is situated on the Trent about halfway between Derby and Burton. Work started on it two years ago and it is due to come into operation next year. Willington "B" is on the same site as Willington "A" Power Station, which came into operation last year and has four 100,000 kW. turbines. At present the Central Electricity Generating Board has twenty-three new steam power stations under construction and another seven nuclear or hydro-electrically-powered stations. All told, the thirty will give another 11,000,000 kilowatts. Since 1948, sixty-two new electric power stations have been built.



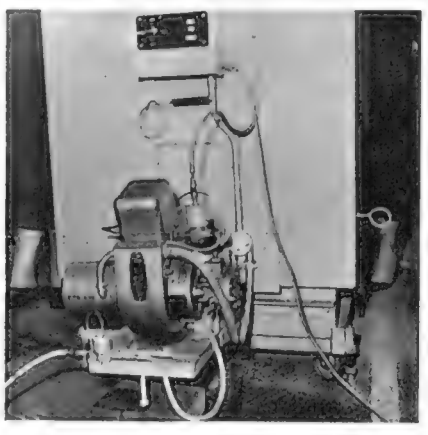
Below—

DEMONSTRATING AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY

At a sales demonstration held near Phœnix, Arizona, to launch in the U.S. the products of Landmaster Ltd., the member of the Firth Cleveland Group which manufactures agricultural and horticultural machinery, a Landmaster Mark 150 Cultivator is put through its paces. The site of the ten-day demonstration, 15 miles from Phœnix, was chosen because the earth there is hard and difficult to cultivate. On show were three types of Landmaster machine—the Landmaster Tractor Mounted Rotary Tillers, the Mark 150 and the Mark 80 Cultivators, with all their attachments. Present at the demonstration were nearly 150 American farm equipment distributors and wholesalers and agricultural journalists.

ADVANCED DESIGN IN TRACTOR-SHOVELS

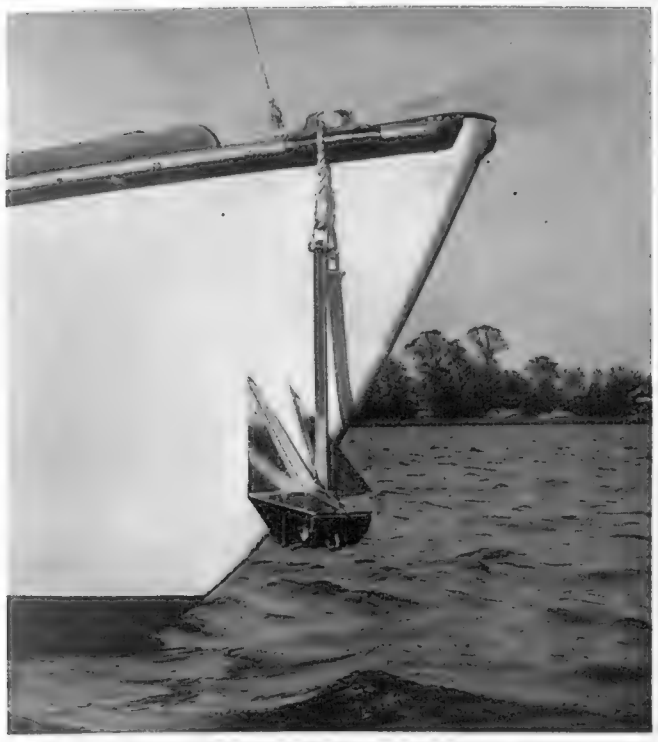
Being demonstrated is the latest tractor-shovel to be produced by the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company at their Illinois works. It is now available in Britain from the concessionnaires, Mackay Industrial Equipment Ltd., of Feltham, in Middlesex. The HD.6G Tractor-shovel is an improved version of a long line of these models. It has a curved bottom bucket, which has a capacity of 1½ cubic yards. There is good all-round visibility for the operator, who is provided with a foam-padded armchair-style seat. The machine can be equipped with a number of special attachments.



RUBBISH DISPOSAL PROVIDING HEAT

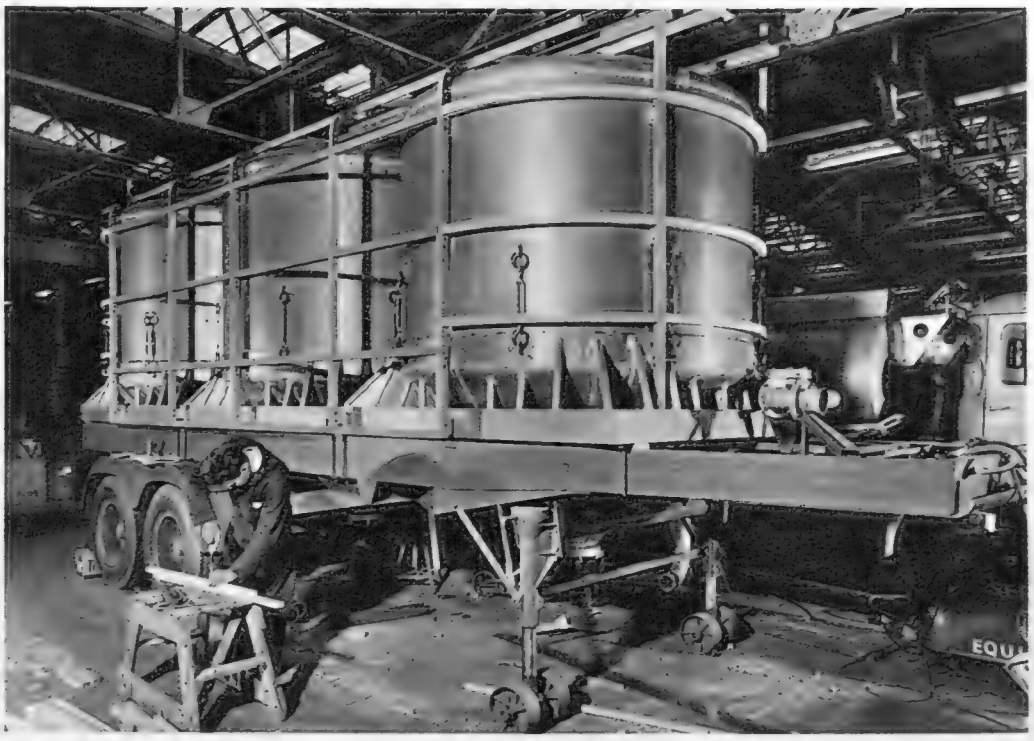
An American inventor, Mr. Gordon Hoskinson, disposes of an old motor-car tyre in a new incinerator which he designed. The Hoskinson multi-fuel space-heating incinerator is being manufactured in Wolverhampton and much of the production is for American export. It is claimed to destroy without smoke or smell, rubber, plastics and almost any kind of rubbish, and at the same time provide heat. *Left*—An automatic oil burner is fitted to the incinerator. When there is no rubbish to burn and provide heat, the thermostatically-controlled burner takes over. The incinerator can burn some 300 lb. of rubbish an hour.

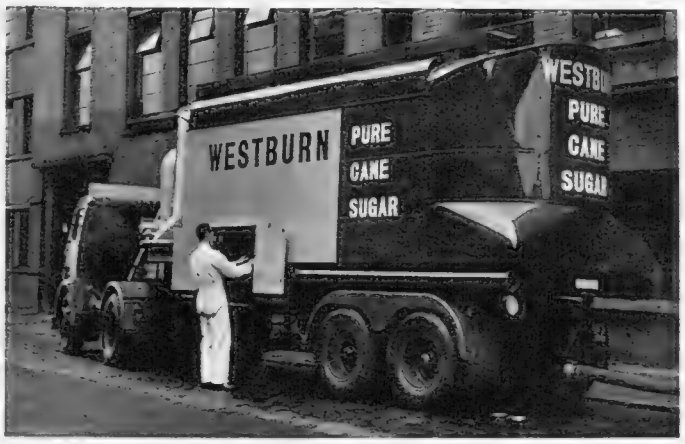
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



STAINLESS STEEL ANCHORS

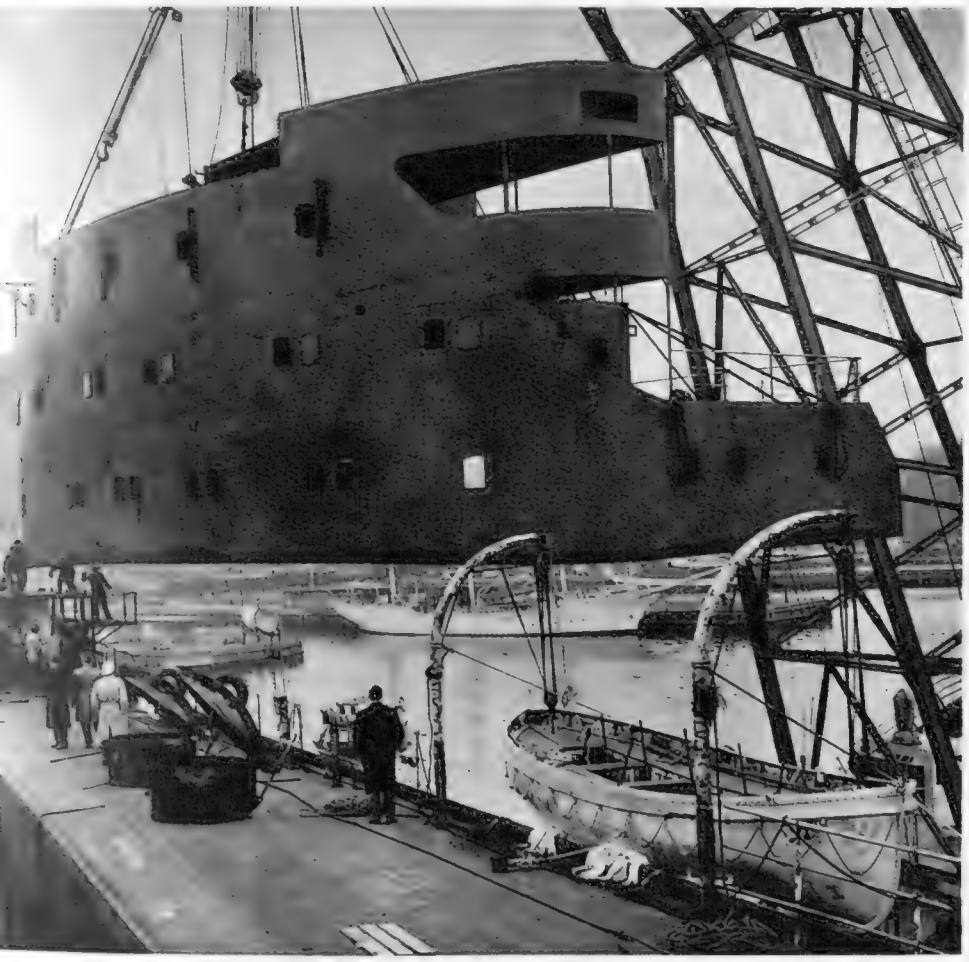
Hanging at the bows of a yacht is one of the new "Digger" solid stainless steel anchors, produced by Dell Quay Yacht Yard Ltd., Chichester. Production of these anchors at prices comparable to those in galvanised steel has been made possible by the Electropol polishing process, carried out by Electropol Processing Ltd., Farnham, in Surrey. Owing to the high strength of the stainless alloys, it has been possible to manufacture a lightweight anchor with a large fluke area. Its streamlined shape and polished surface means that it penetrates the sea or river-bed easily and can be cleaned efficiently. For cases of emergency the crown of the anchor is fitted with a tripping attachment. A heave on this pulls the anchor clear, and the light weight enables it to be swung up easily. There is also a lightweight "kedge" for racing dinghies.

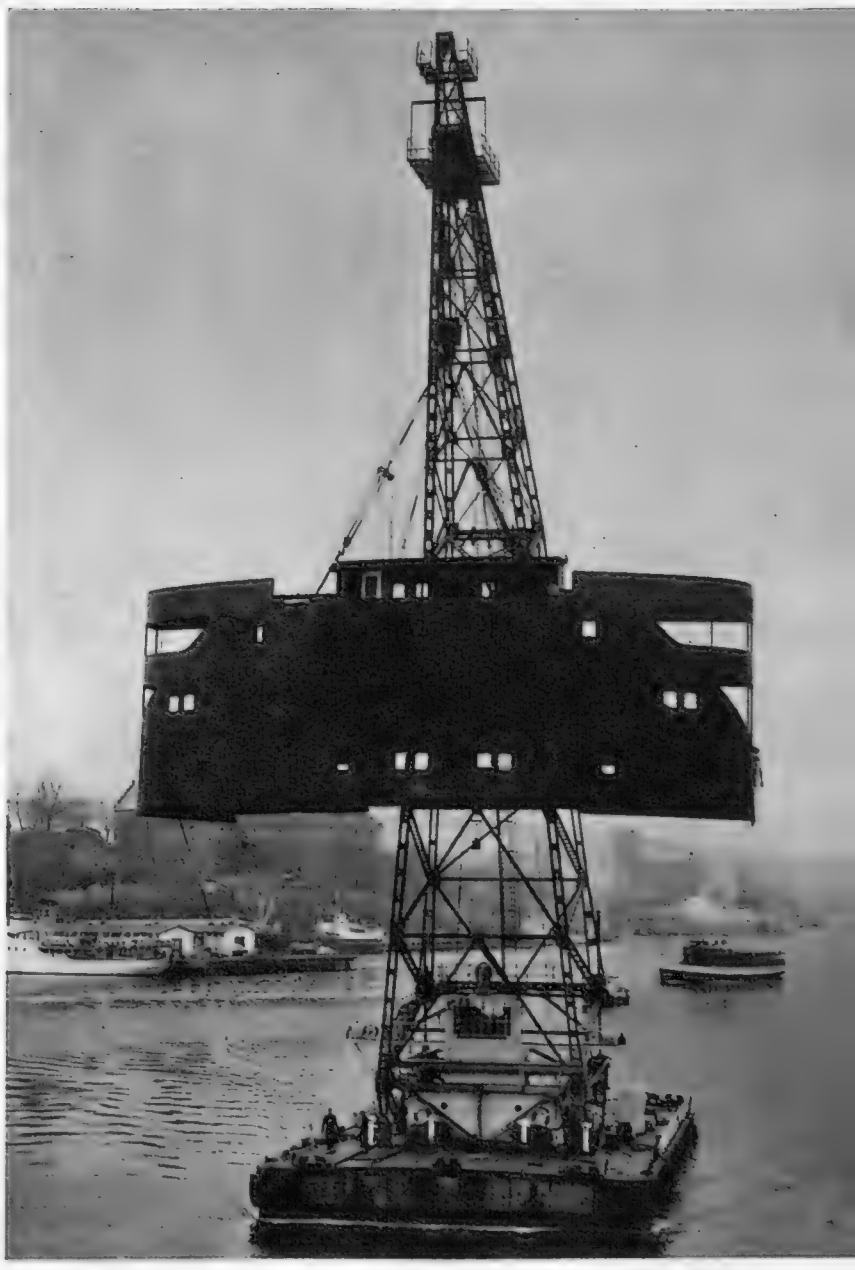




CARRYING SUGAR IN BULK

The three light aluminium alloy hoppers form part of the new bulk sugar vehicle (on left) which has been built by Bonallack and Sons Ltd., of Basildon, for Westburn Sugar Refineries Ltd., of Greenock. Each hopper has a capacity of 5 tons. The new vehicle, designed for the bulk carriage and low-pressure pneumatic discharge of sugar to overhead storage, is nearly 35 ft. long. Discharge of the sugar is carried out solely by the air pressure built up by the Godfrey MU 1000 positive displacement blower. There is no provision for tipping. Only one man is required to drive and operate the carrier, which is the first Bonallack "blown-discharge" vehicle to be equipped with more than a single cargo container. In preliminary tests, the new vehicle successfully discharged sugar over a total distance of 110 ft. which was equivalent to 25 tons per hour.





A TANKER BECOMES NORWAY'S LARGEST BULK-CARRIER

In the yard of Akers Mek. Verksted, in Oslo Harbour, the new superstructure for a rebuilt cargo vessel is swung on board. *Right*—A giant floating crane moves across Oslo Harbour carrying the 85-ton superstructure for the motor-ship *Escape*. The vessel has a fascinating history. In 1958 she was the tanker *Stanvac Japan*; she blew up after an explosion on board while she was outside Bombay and twenty-two lives were lost in the accident. A Norwegian shipowner, B. J. Ruud-Pedersen, bought the hulk and she was towed on a perilous voyage all the way to Kragerö, in the southern part of Norway. At the Tangen Verft shipyard the vessel was rebuilt. The former tanker became the largest bulk-carrier in the Norwegian merchant navy and was renamed *Escape*. While the reconstruction was being carried out by Tangen Verft, another yard, Nylands Verksted, in Oslo, built a new superstructure for the ship. After the hull had been towed round to Akers Mek. Verksted, in Oslo Harbour, this was lifted into place.

THE END OF THE "SHANTY TOWN" AT LONDON AIRPORT: *Left*—**These temporary huts on the north side of the airport are used by long-distance passengers. They are to be repl by new buildings, costing £3,000,000, on a site in the centre of the airport.** *Right*—**Mr. Frederick Gibberd (left), the architect of the new long-distance station, points out a d to the Minister of Aviation, Mr. Duncan Sandys.** The long, low central section measures 430 ft. by 280 ft., and on both sides of it extend narrower blocks, 411 ft. long. In the open rec there will be a car park. Work has already begun on the new buildings, the first section of which should be ready towards the end of next year and the rest in 1962. Mr. Sandys said at a Press Confe that the new buildings had been designed to meet a big expansion in air traffic. This year 1,000,000 long-distance passengers are expected to leave, or arrive at, London Airport. By 1970, estimated that this figure may well rise to 2,500,000. Thus the new air station has been planned to deal with a flow of more than 1,000 long-distance passengers per hour in busy pe

FOR THE TRAVELLER

New Buildings for London Airport; a New Hotel in Tokyo; Developments in Hovercraft and Vertical Take-off Aircraft; Attractions at the Floriade

EXPERIMENTS WITH VARIOUS FORMS OF HOVERCRAFT: A lake serves as a highway for an American four-passenger air car being tested during the U.S. Army's Ground Effects Research Programme at Fort Eustis, in Virginia. The vehicle moves on a cushion of air 6 to 12 ins. deep, and is steered by a conventional steering wheel and throttle. It is expected the vehicle will be able to travel over any unobstructed terrain, land or water. Following the success of the experimental S.R.N.1 Hovercraft, in a series of tests in the Channel, the principle of vehicles using a cushion of air is being investigated in various countries. Avro-Canada are experimenting with a cushion-cum-aircraft combination, the cushion replacing landing wheels.

THE AMERICAN WHEELLESS VEHICLE: The air car travels over land. Tests are planned this summer in the Arctic over ice and snow.

On left—

SUCCESS IN THE SHORT SC.1 TRIALS: The delta-wing vertical take-off and landing research aircraft flies over Bedfordshire during the trials at the airfield of the Royal Aircraft Establishment. It achieved the final phase of its programme when for the first time it accomplished successful transitions from jet-borne hovering to wing-borne forward flight and vice versa. After a conventional take-off the SC.1 made a circuit of the airfield and then a long approach to the main runway, gradually slowing down until it was hovering a few feet from the ground. To complete the test it then accelerated into normal flight. Asked about the significance of the test, Mr. Brooke-Smith, the aircraft's test pilot, said it meant that there would in future be no need to bother about landing speeds.

On right—

A VIEW OF THE DOCKS OF ROTTERDAM: On the opening day of the Floriade Dutch Horticultural Exhibition, Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands and Dr. A. J. Verhage, President of the Floriade Committee, walk round the platform at the top of the 416-ft.-high Euromast, one of the attractions.

THE CHANGING FACE OF TOKYO: From the air can be seen one of the most modern hotels in the Japanese capital—the Hotel New Japan, which was opened recently in the middle of Tokyo. The multi-storey building has 350 rooms. In the centre background is the Diet (Parliament) Building. It is 200ft. high and when built was by far the highest building in Japan, becoming for the country a national symbol, like the Eiffel Tower. In the foreground are some of the congested, low, flimsy houses typical of Japanese architecture. In the background are rows of the office blocks, built since the end of the war, which have changed the appearance of the city.

On left—

THE PRINCESS IN A CABLE CAR: With Dr. Verhage, Princess Beatrix enjoys a ride in a cable car, running on a short aerial railway in the grounds of the Floriade. There are a number of additional attractions at the biggest international horticultural exhibition ever organised, besides the thousands upon thousands of flowers. From the top of the Euromast there is a view over the exhibition, Rotterdam itself and the delta of the Rhine. The lift takes only 24 seconds and there is room at the top for 900 people.

The World of Books

MEMORIES OF SHOW BUSINESS

Reminiscences of Henry Kendall and the Autobiography of Fred Astaire; Memoirs of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart; Decision About Hiroshima; Biography of an 18th-century Figure; This Week's Fiction

THERE may be—in fact, there are—books of greater significance in this week's list than the autobiography of that popular actor, Mr. Henry Kendall, but I have chosen to write about it at the head of the page for the excellent reason that it is a book full of good spirits, of liveliness and incident and, as such, an admirable antidote to the brooding that one necessarily and inevitably does about international situations and threats of bombs. I REMEMBER ROMANO'S (Macdonald. 21s.) may be more absorbing reading for those people with an active interest in stage life than for those with purely literary standards. But the theatre has a very wide appeal and, quite apart from the scope of Mr. Kendall's own stage career, it is amusing to be reminded of plays and musical comedies over the years, whether from the text or the photographs and to recall one's own enjoyment at such shows as, say, *Sweet and Low* during the war, or *Polly With a Past* (1921), in which Mr. Kendall and Mr. Noël Coward were two of the minor members of the cast, or, a month or two ago, *Aunt Edwina*. In the First World War, Mr. Kendall was in the R.A.F. and won the Air Force Cross, and another form of insouciance and courage has kept him in the first rank of London actors and producers, unquenchably amusing and spontaneous, whether on or off the stage.

STEPS IN TIME (Heinemann. 21s.) is the autobiography of the inimitable Fred Astaire and the title was suggested to the writer by the equally inimitable Noël Coward. Contemporaries within a few years, and both great and continuing successes, the two men have more than friendship in common: immense vitality, endurance, talent and an elegance of style which in neither case has been successfully copied. Mr. Astaire's life story, told without literary pretensions, but with great gusto and sparkle, is in the main a success story after the first slow beginnings as a dance team with his unforgettable sister, Adèle. Fred and Adèle Astaire struck theatrical and theatre-going London like an explosion of fireworks in 1923 and they never looked back, although Adèle was to marry an Englishman, Lord Charles Cavendish, and retire from the stage. On his own, and secure in the happiest of family lives himself, Fred went on from strength to strength in London, on Broadway, in Hollywood and latterly with just as much impact and gaiety, on television.

Fred Astaire is a man of enthusiasms and, one might even say, of devotions. His work as a dancer and actor has meant his living and his international fame. As well as his meticulous attention to work though, he has a passion for golf, an even greater passion for racehorses and an ability to make and keep friends over the years. Another ability, proved by the present book, is for writing with a typically natural grace about himself, his few downs and many ups, and the career that has been his. "Bad-tempered, impatient, hard to please," he calls himself. Readers will take away a very different impression.

GIANTS CAST LONG SHADOWS (Putnam. 21s.) is a further book of reminiscences, in the form of short essays and memoirs, by Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, diplomat, writer and marvellous *raconteur*. The book is divided into three sections, dealing respectively with England, Scotland and Europe, but the division is not one which will affect the reader, either pleasurably or otherwise, since he will continue happily to browse away on the subject of best-selling authors—Howard Spring and Captain Johns, the creator of *Biggles*; on Lloyd George, Clemenceau and the more formidable of London hostesses; on Highland worthies, American Ambassadors or Russian revolutionaries. Sir Robert's book has no dull pages; some are simply more entertaining than others.

In April 1945 Mr. Harry Truman made his way "quickly and quietly," as he had been asked, to the White House, there to be met by Mrs. Roosevelt with the news that the President was dead. That same evening he repeated the Presidential oath of office and after the attending members of the Cabinet had left, only the Secretary for War remained behind with Truman for a few secret words. It was then that he told the new President for the first time about the atomic bomb, nearing completion, as was the aircraft that would carry it. On August 6 of that year the bomb was to be released over Hiroshima, on a word that could only come from Truman. THE GREAT DECISION (Heinemann. 18s.) is the story of those hundred days or more, told with tremendous effect by Mr. Michael Amrine.

A REASONABLE REBEL (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is the appropriate title for Mr. Carl Brinitzer's biography of a curious and delightful eighteenth-century figure of whom most of us, myself included, may never have heard. Georg Christoph Lichtenberg was small, hunch-backed and sharp of feature, as of intellect. He was by profession a mathematician, astrologer and physicist and professor of all these subjects in the University of Göttingen. Established in this way as a learned man, he was also, and more attractively, a humanist, writer, philosopher and brilliant satirist and has left a small treasury of what he called his "scribbling books." Mr. Brinitzer has written about him thoughtfully and, at the same time, charmingly. He has given us a picture of a man one would very much like to have known and, incidentally, a man who loved and admired our country and proclaimed himself, on an ideal plane, a citizen of England. The excellent translation has been made by Mr. Bernard Smith.

A SILK PROGRAMME FOR THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE: After a lapse of many years the tradition of having a silk programme for a Command Performance at the Royal Opera House, London, was revived last week when the Queen entertained General and Madame de Gaulle to a performance given by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. The last Command Performance for which the programme was printed on silk was in 1914, on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark. Silk programmes were used in 1951 at Covent Garden for a Gala Performance given for the Third Congress of the International Silk Association.

THE CAPTAIN WITH THE WHISKERS (Methuen. 16s.) is the kind of title whose whimsicality might announce a children's book but, in spite of a certain fabulous slant to its plot, Mr. Benedict Kiely has not written for children here; rather for those adults who relish that essentially Irish blend of fable, fun and slight dottiness. The captain himself is a small man with a big influence. He lives on his Ulster estate near the Atlantic coast and he is a domestic tyrant, as his three sons and two daughters know, of almost demoniac proportions. Mr. Kiely writes about this creation of his with a kind of affectionate horror and makes the reader share in his feeling. A real *tour de force* and a lively, witty one.

Mr. Rex Harris is a new storyteller for our lists, a Rhodesian born, who served in Italy during the war, was news editor on two papers and at present edits an African newspaper for a copper-mining company. In KANYOKO (Constable. 16s.), he has written an adventurous, straightforward and not unexciting tale about a project roughly analogous with the Kariba Dam, and entailing the flooding—and therefore the evacuation—of a great valley area. Extremely readable and with very few of a first-novelist's quirks.

HOUSE OF MANY ROOMS (Bodley Head. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. Robin White, is another of this sensitive and talented author's novels about life in an Indian village, a venue which he knows himself since the first sixteen years of his life were spent in that country as the son of American missionary parents. Indeed, since the book opens with the move of exactly such an American family from one Indian mission to another, Mr. White's own memories must have been of more than ordinary use to him. It is, however, for its imaginative rather than for its documentary qualities that this novel is valuable and in its own extremely human way, rewarding.

THE RUN FROM THE MOUNTAIN (André Deutsch. 16s.) is another American's eye-view of the East, but as far removed from the last book as could well be. Mr. William Groninger knows the army well, having served in it in Japan himself, so that his novel of a very young man who goes straight from high school into the army and thence to Japan has a basis of real experience. Having served his term, the author tells us that in all the books he read about army life, he could never find one that told the truth as he had seen it and so he decided to write one for himself. The result is tough, direct and oddly, a little sentimental, but it has the ring of truth to it, and that is a very important advantage indeed.

Anyone who has been waiting to read another novel in the tradition of *The Lost Weekend*, that macabre masterpiece, will welcome Mr. Thomas Randall's THE TWELFTH STEP (W. H. Allen. 18s.), a story in which all the principal characters have the common bond of being alcoholics. As a matter of fact, their tragic, sordid stories are very cleverly sketched in, but they are infinitely depressing in spite of the one couple who start off on a new life and a new love, first prudently finding the telephone number of the Alcoholics Anonymous office at their destination.

THE INSOLENT BREED (Hutchinson. 21s.) is a great big American novel about the Southern States and about folk music there and, in spite of the remoteness of the scene and the specialised aspect of the theme, it contrives to be both interesting and, from time to time,

All the worldknows that China is engaged in a long-range programme to engulf the Tibetan population, but just how it is being done is not so well known or, to quote a Tibetan proverb, how successful is this handing out of "honey on a sharp knife." Lowell Thomas, Jnr., like his father, a notable traveller and a distinguished commentator upon world affairs, describes this saddening revolution in his book THE SILENT WAR IN TIBET (Secker and Warburg. 25s.). One thing emerges clearly; the Chinese mean to bring Tibet's population up to 10,000,000 people. Chinese have been given the fallow lands of the fertile Chumbi Valley, but while they have come in sufficient numbers to disturb the Tibetans, they have only been safe near Chinese garrisons, and the Tibetans have often come at night to lay waste their fields. Chinese infiltration has been much more successful in the great grazing lands of the Tsaidam Basin.

Tibetans believed that the settlers would be unable to stick it out, but the tents have now given place to huts and to houses, and new cities with Chinese names are being built. Mr. Lowell Thomas describes other ways in which the silent revolution is working. One of them is the indoctrination of Tibetan youth. They are promised new clothes and the chance of a full education in China, and, needless to say, tens of thousands of them, despite the tears of their parents, have taken the rough new road to China. As for the adult Tibetans, perhaps what has puzzled the Chinese in greatest degree is the peasant reaction to free land distribution. The Tibetan does not object to owning his own land; but he does not consider such matters as important as his opportunity to work for higher rebirth in another life. He has objected, therefore, most bitterly to the Communist threat to his religion, and Mao clearly can find no easy way round the fact that the Tibetan people have grown beyond materialistic civilisation.

CHINESE IN TIBET

Aspects of a Forceful Revolution

For many years Kingsley Martin has guided the fortunes of *The New Statesman and Nation*. Weekly and emphatically the Sage of Great Turnstile has poured out his opinions on the problems of the day. CRITIC'S LONDON DIARY (Secker and Warburg. 30s.) presents some of the choicer tit-bits belonging to the years 1931-56, mostly dealing with the great and the near-great reactions to Hitler's latest move, comments upon the Civil War in Spain, and all the things that disturbed us in those decades. Mr. Kingsley Martin boasts of only one thing in the diary entry for October 26, 1940, declaring that he was the only man in London who had been bombed off a lavatory seat while reading Jane Austen. "She went into the bath, I went through the door."

The photographs secured by the Russian Automatic Interplanetary Station Lunik III, which photographed the other side of the moon, have led to two new volumes of great interest and importance. MOON MAPS (Faber and Faber. 30s.) is the work of Dr. H. P. Wilkins, who presents a complete series of charts of the moon as we know it to-day, the latest additions based on the Soviet photographs. The book is specially prepared for use in the observatory, with maps and appropriate text unfolding for side-by-side presentation. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON (Pergamon Press. 10s. 6d.) is a translation by J. B. Sykes of the document lately issued by the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. The now famous

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA": Julia (Frances Cuka) seeks counsel from her waiting woman, Lucetta (Mavis Edwards), during a scene from Shakespeare's early comedy, at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN": Derek Godfrey plays Proteus (left), who engineers his friend's banishment in order to pay court to Silvia, and Denholm Elliott plays the trusting Valentine. The play is directed by Peter Hall, who has started his term as director of the Memorial Theatre and has planned a season of comedies—*The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Winter's Tale*—tracing the common themes and growing complexity of the plays.

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" OPENS THE STRATFORD SEASON

One of Shakespeare's earliest and little-seen comedies was chosen by Peter Hall to open the season at Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has planned as a progression through Shakespeare's comedies, from knockabout farce in *The Taming of the Shrew* to the tragic complications and pastoral beauty of *The Winter's Tale*. Before the season started, the interior of the Memorial Theatre was remodelled, giving an apron stage jutting into the auditorium with a large revolving section. To start with *The Two Gentlemen* was perhaps a risk, and many of the London critics were unenthusiastic about the production. But the young company, particularly in the comedy scenes, gave enough evidence to show that there is much to look forward to. This week the second production opened—*The Merchant of Venice*, with Dorothy Tutin as Portia and Peter O'Toole as Shylock, directed by Michael Langham. Later, Peggy Ashcroft will appear in *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Winter's Tale*.

EARLY COMEDY: Launce the clown (Patrick Wymark) is watched by Panthino (Donald Layne Smith). *Left* is the Duke of Milan's daughter, Silvia (Susan Maryott), beloved of Valentine (right).

(*Continued from previous page*)

heart-warming. Mr. Borden Deal is a young, but already distinguished, writer with no false diffidence about choosing a large canvas or about covering it most liberally with colour. In this case the picture is a startlingly vivid one, detailed, homely (in the kinder English sense) and likeable, but I still don't think that a tiny little bit of restraint would have harmed it.

Mr. Dana Faralla has written an enchanting novel, THE MADSTONE (Gollancz. 16s.), about three generations in a partly Danish, partly Alsatian, finally American family. It is the kind of book to read as slowly as possible, so that every page can give its particular savour and each character can be recognised for what he is, or what she is. I have no idea of Mr. Faralla's age but, whether he is twenty or eighty, he has been able to convey a sense of youth quite, quite perfectly, and for that alone his novel should be read and cherished.

THE LAST DANCE OF THE SEASON (Collins. 15s.) has been a best-seller in Germany and is by Gerd Gaiser, who, in *The Falling Leaf*, wrote so impressively about the last days of the Luftwaffe. Here, the theme is the renascence of a German town after the war and the effects of a wave of prosperity on its inhabitants. Honest, horrifying and occasionally moving. The translation has been made by Marguerite Waldman. **Vernon Fane**

photographs are explained in detail, reflecting what is indeed an unparalleled achievement.

Why is the Bible the world's least-read best-seller? This was the question Joseph McCulloch, radio and television broadcaster, asked himself when attempting to pinpoint the difficulties which the Bible presents to the ordinary man and woman. It may very well be that Mr. McCulloch has found the answer to his question in his book, BETWEEN GOD AND MAN (Hutchinson. 25s.). He has taken the words of the Authorised Version, selecting those passages which he feels convey the heart of the Bible's message. He has arranged them in natural order, at the same time linking them with the minimum comment needed. Many of the hindrances to reading which have been found in the traditional presentation of the Book of Books are now swept away. Both the prose and the poetry are each in their own way set out with admirable clarity.

Jacques-Yves Cousteau and James Dugan have collaborated in a most entertaining and instructive anthology on underwater adventure, a record of true stories of undersea explorers, scientists and treasure-seekers. CAPTAIN COUSTEAU'S UNDERWATER TREASURY (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) covers an immensely wide field, and the volume comes at a most opportune moment when new assaults are being made daily on this last frontier of our planet.

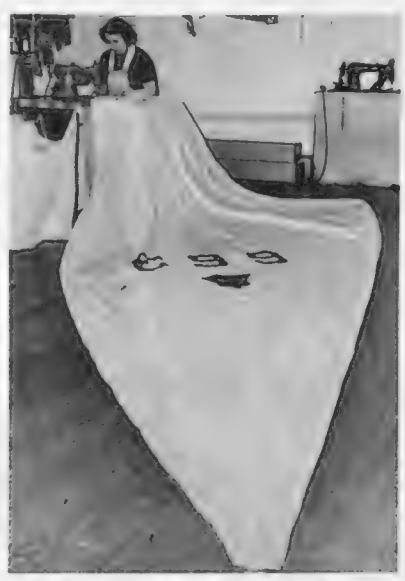
Students of the Jazz age will welcome the biography (spoken into a tape-recorder) of one of its greatest exponents, Sidney Bechet, who died in Paris in 1959. TREAT IT GENTLE (Cassell. 25s.) has all the charm of an Afro-American folk-tale. It is clearly worth an even wider audience than the wide one it will inevitably enjoy among all lovers of jazz. **R. C. E.**

"Spring-Cleaning" on the Broads

Preparations for the Cruising Season in East Anglia

THE MAIDEN TRIP OF A NEW CRAFT ON THE WATERS OF EAST ANGLIA: The *John E* comes out on the River Waveney at Beccles, in Suffolk, on her first trials. In the background is the yard in which she was built. The boat is a six-berth cabin cruiser of a type increasingly favoured by those who spend their holidays on the Broads. Last week there was great activity in the yards and on the waters in preparation for Easter and the opening of the cruising and sailing season. The Broads are among the most popular holiday resorts in Britain. They lie for the most part in Norfolk, but a small area is in Suffolk. Altogether there are some fifty Broads, but some of them are very small. The largest is Hickling, which has an area of 464 acres. Ormesby, Rollesby and Barton each have over 200 acres. Round the rivers and lagoons is a variety of scenery, including woodlands and sand-dunes. The land is flat, and when it is open a frequent feature seen from the water is the tall spire or tower of one of the fine large churches which are sometimes known as the "Fenland Cathedrals."

A SIGN THAT THE SPRING IS HERE: On the River Bure, at Wroxham, in Norfolk, a cabin cruiser is given a thorough wash-down after being repainted. Other craft will be similarly treated in this boatyard.



A NEW SAIL: Mrs. Margaret Downing puts the finishing touches to a mainsail in a sailmaker's loft in Lowestoft.

OVERHAUL FOR A LIFEBOAT: Work is in progress on the Caister lifeboat, the *José Neville*, in the boatyards of Messrs. J. E. Fletchers, on Oulton Broad, inland from Lowestoft. She had been sent from the village north of Yarmouth for a complete overhaul as part of the normal routine of the R.N.L.I.

On left—

A LAUNCHING: A cabin cruiser goes off the stocks into the water at a yard in Oulton Broad.

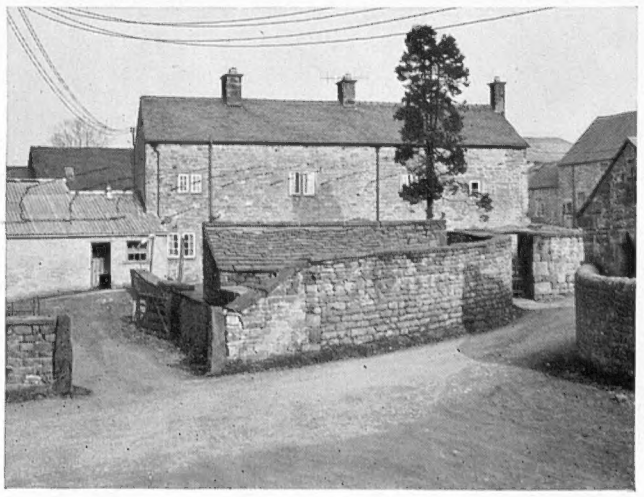
A VILLAGE GREEN IN DERBYSHIRE SOON TO BE ON THE PROPERTY MARKET: The Jug and Glass Inn and its adjacent cottages overlook the green in the village of Lea, in the Derwent Valley, in Derbyshire. Almost all the property in Lea and its neighbouring village of Dethick is to be sold next month. The reason for this is the death last year of the Squire and Lord of the Manor, Mr. John Bertram Marsden-Smedley, a former High Sheriff of Derbyshire. *On right*—The post office at Lea is combined with the grocer's. This shop and the inn are included in the property to be auctioned next month. In the estate for sale will be over 700 acres of farmland in and around Lea. Among the items from Dethick will be Manor Farm, 600 years old and once the home of Sir Anthony Babington, instigator of the so-called Babington Plot on behalf of Mary Queen of Scots in the reign of Elizabeth I.

VILLAGES FOR SALE

Picturesque Villages in Derbyshire Await the Auctioneer's Hammer

On left—

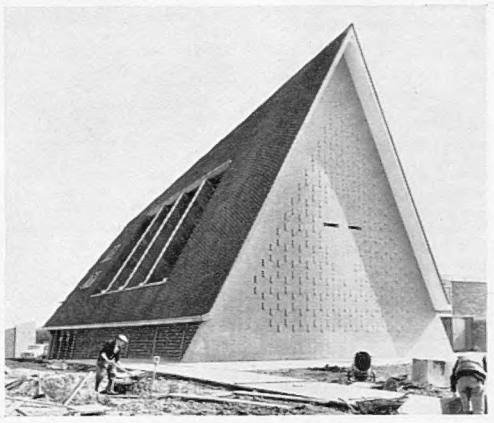
IN THE VILLAGE OF DETHICK: Church Farm stands close to the church. Nearby are the two other farms, Manor Farm and Babington Farm, which are to be sold with other property in Dethick next month. Mary Queen of Scots spent many years of captivity in Derbyshire and during this time her presence influenced Sir Anthony Babington to take action on her behalf which led to his execution.



On right—

A PROBLEMATIC FUTURE: Babington Farm is next to Manor Farm, in Dethick. At the end of last month villagers in both Dethick and Lea were uncertain of their future. It was not then known whether the Marsden-Smedley estate was to be sold as one property or whether it would be broken down into a number of smaller lots.

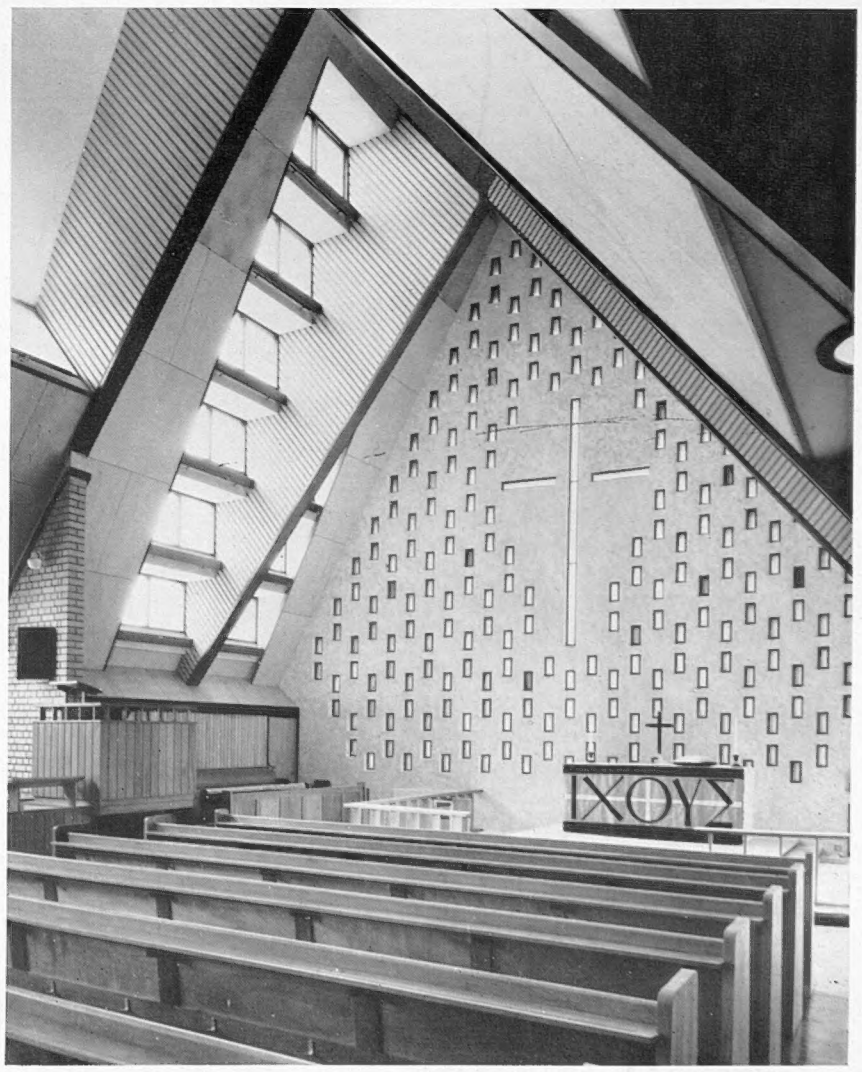
A LANDMARK IN A NEW TOWN IN HERTFORDSHIRE: St. John's Church, in Hatfield New Town, stands on high ground above the new community built to draw away some of the population of Greater London. The triangular roof rises to a height of 54 ft. at its apex. Round it are the flat roofs of houses, shops and a public house. Built on land given by Lord Salisbury, St. John's has cost £32,000 and was designed by three architects, Mr. Peter Bosanquet, who was in charge of its building, Mr. Kenneth Boyd and Mr. Lionel Brett. The church was consecrated towards the end of last month by the Bishop of St. Albans, Dr. E. M. Gresford-Jones.



WORK IN PROGRESS: The surroundings for St. John's are prepared by workmen. At night an illuminated cross shines out from the Sanctuary wall in an experimental form of lighting.

A NEW CHURCH

A Building of Architectural Interest in Hatfield New Town



ST. JOHN'S, NEW HATFIELD: The nave has pews for a congregation of about 300. The Sanctuary is lit by windows set in the form of steps. It is hoped that a further £3,500 will be subscribed for the church so that a bell tower can be built close to it.

NATIONAL ROAD SAFETY MOVEMENTS

The Finchley League of Safe Drivers Widens its Scope; Work of the Institute of Advanced Motorists; Folding Caravans and Other Matters of Interest

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

FIVE years ago a League of Safe Drivers was started in the borough of Finchley, London, as part of the local road safety campaign. It has proved so successful that on April 1 it ceased to be a parochial affair and became, embryonically, a national movement. Its object is to encourage drivers of all kinds—of cars, commercial vehicles, motor-cycles—to take a pride in their driving and, by becoming better and less selfish road users, to help cut the appalling accident rate. It may well be asked how the new organisation stands in relation to the Institute of Advanced Motorists which, broadly speaking, has the same objects. I think the best answer is that they will be complementary and that there is little risk of the kind of competition which would be disastrous to this admirable approach to the problem of road safety. But let me quote officials of both organisations. Mrs. Louise Duncan, who helped to start the Finchley League of Safe Drivers and is now full-time Secretary of the new national League, told me: "It might look as if we were in competition with the Institute, but such is not the case. Our objects are the same, but we are coping with the safe driving problem in different ways. For instance, we require from candidates a knowledge of vehicle maintenance, which the Institute does not. We award 'passes' in three grades. We insist on an annual refresher test. We accept motor-cycling candidates."

I asked the Institute what it thought about the new League. "We wish it every success," a spokesman replied. "We have never tried to carve out a monopoly for the Institute in this approach to road safety. The great thing is to save lives." With Mr. George Eyles, formerly of the Metropolitan Police, as its Director of Tests, the Institute has in my opinion done excellent work. In three-and-a-half years it has conducted 30,000 tests with 17,400 "passes" and subsequent enrolment to membership. The new League has appointed as its Chief Examiner Mr. Harry Shillabear, a well-known rally driver, who for years has been a sergeant-instructor at the Metropolitan Police Driving School at Hendon, Middlesex. I wish him well.

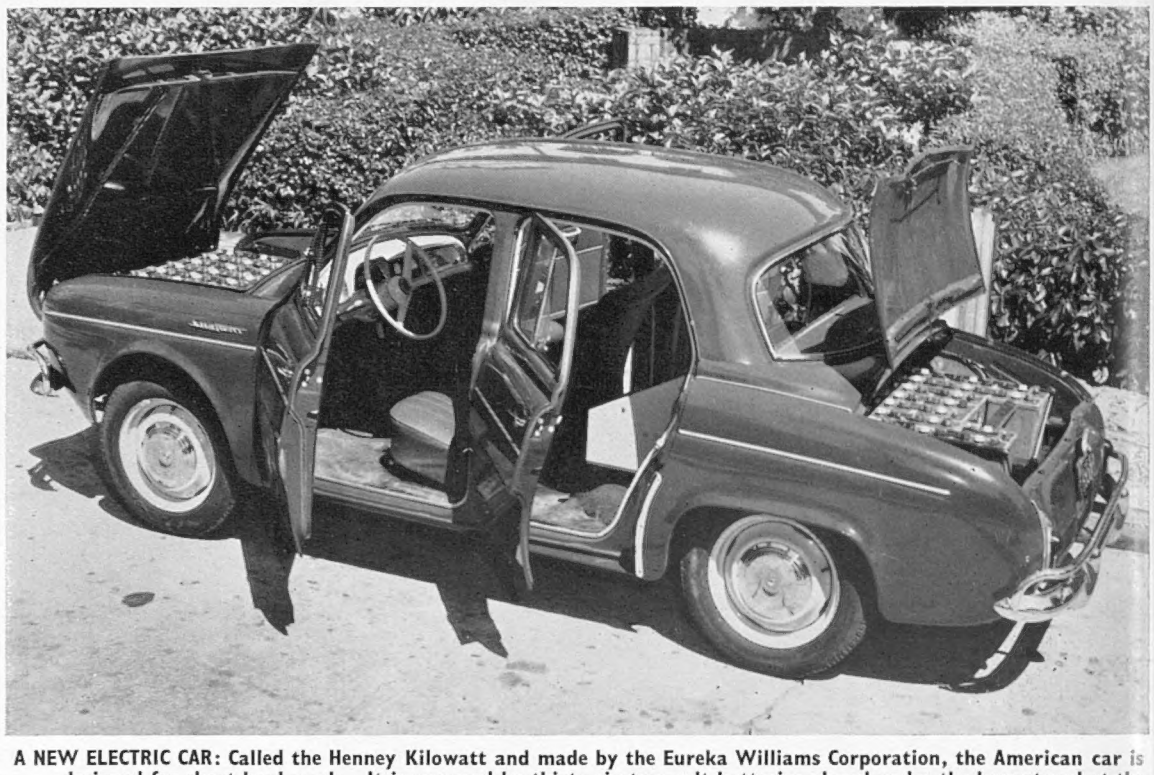
In Britain there is a widening choice of folding caravans of ingenious design providing two or three berths. They afford the means of an inexpensive touring holiday for a married couple with or without a child, for they can be towed by really small cars. One model—the plastic-bodied Mini-Motel, price £268—is sufficiently light and compact to be towed by even a scooter combination. The price quoted includes quite a lot of equipment, such as a child's fold-down bunk (additional to two full-length single bunks), foam mattresses, foam cushions and curtains. A Nottinghamshire firm offers a somewhat similar folding caravan with three berths for £178 (or £239 10s. fully equipped). It is made of special plywood and is called the Camp-A-Van.

While on the subject of touring let me mention a new idea which appeals to me but which I have, as yet, had no opportunity to try out. It is a changing-tent which can also be used as a waterproof "groundsheet" for picnics with a comfortable air cushion in the middle. Named the "Airpack" and costing 45s., it can be used in conjunction with any four-door car.

You inflate the roof and anchor it to the side of the car by threading two supporting "tongues" through the top of the door windows and winding them up tight. The four sides of the tent hang down neatly to give complete privacy for undressing and changing into beachwear.

It is now possible to have in your car a device which will cause your garage doors to open without any need to get out of the driver's seat. No jokes, please, about making the Little Woman get out in the rain and open them. A Surrey firm, named Kinetrol Ltd., have perfected an automatic door-opening system called the Magi-Dor. Fixed to the front of the car is a "magic beam" lamp wired to a dashboard switch and fed from the car's battery. On approaching your garage you flick down the switch (which has a built-in tell-tale light). This turns on the special lamp which actuates a sensitive "eye" screwed to the garage door or doorpost. A wire leads from this "eye" to the door-opening mechanism.

The device is based on the principle of light modulation used by German Army units during the war to "converse" without breaking radio silence. More recently it has been employed by meteorologists as a kind of radar to determine the height of the cloud base over airports.



A NEW ELECTRIC CAR: Called the Henney Kilowatt and made by the Eureka Williams Corporation, the American car is designed for short-haul work. It is powered by thirty-six two-volt batteries placed under the bonnet and at the back. It can be driven 40 to 60 miles a day at a top speed of 35 m.p.h. It is not at the moment sold publicly.

The "eye" of the Magi-Dor is unaffected by ordinary light. No one can mischievously operate it, for instance, by flashing an electric torch. It works even in the full glare of the headlights (which themselves have no effect on the device). The cost is £39 10s. You do not need to be a highly-skilled "do it yourself" expert to instal the Magi-Dor system, but if you don't want to be bothered with fitting it, you can get the installation work done for about £5.

It was good news for prospective Vauxhall owners when the Luton firm recently announced that Laycock de Normanville overdrive is now optionally available on all their 6-cylinder models for £63 15s. (including £18 15s. purchase tax). This well-proven, electrically-operated overdrive system operates on the two top ratios in the Velox and Cresta gear-box, thus offering a choice of five gears. Perhaps the chief benefit is the easy gait made possible on the open road when overdrive top is in use. For a given road speed the engine is turning over at a greatly reduced number of revolutions a minute. This cuts fuel consumption, reduces noise and minimises engine wear.

RACING AT OULTON PARK: *Left*—Jean Bloxham practises in her Aston Martin. She was the only woman driver in the sports car race. *Right*—Innes Ireland holds the Oulton Park Trophy after winning the Formula Two race in the new rear-engined Lotus. Lotuses won four out of the five races during the meeting for which they were eligible.

Next Saturday Mr. St. John Nixon, who was driving cars as long ago as last century, is due to set out from the R.A.C. on a sentimental journey. It is the sixtieth anniversary of the Thousand Mile Trial of 1900—an event which finally convinced the man-in-the-street in Britain that horseless carriages were a really practical proposition—and Mr. Nixon is driving an 1899 Wolseley over the exact route of 1,080½ miles followed by competitors in the 1900 Trial. The 3½-h.p., single-cylinder Wolseley is the actual car driven in the Trial by the late Lord Austin (then plain Herbert). It has been lent to Mr. Nixon by the British Motor Corporation, who now own it. His route will take him to Bath, up through Manchester and Carlisle to Edinburgh and back to London by way of York, Harrogate and Leicester.

Diesel engines are used to power a rapidly growing number of taxi-cabs in many different countries. Car owners have shown great reluctance to switch allegiance from petrol engines with carburettors to compression-ignition engines with direct fuel injection. This is largely due to the phenomenon known as diesel "knock." The question of noise and vibration is not so critical in taxi-cabs, and taxi fleet owners are finding great operating economy with diesel motors.

Kerosene fuel costs less, diesel engines do more miles to the gallon and they go longer between major overhauls. Diesel engines are used in a large percentage of London cabs. There are 400 diesel-engined taxis in Brussels and 100 in Antwerp. In Portugal more than 500 taxis and private cars have been converted to the use of 4- or 6-cylinder Perkins diesels. The Peterborough firm which makes this famous marque has a very big export market in compression-ignition engines and this is likely to expand following the announcement of an improved, more powerful, 4-cylinder diesel engine for cars. This new unit, which develops 62 b.h.p. at 3,000 revolutions a minute, will make its world debut at the big British Exhibition in New York in June.

One day recently I met the Poor Motorist's Friend. This is a name which fits snugly round the shoulders of Mr. Douglas Holt, who, at his new factory at Addington, Surrey, makes nearly a hundred different chemical products widely used by motorists to cut their repair and maintenance bills and make their driving easier.

Since he set up a small accessory shop in central London forty years ago, Douglas Holt has carved out for himself a unique niche in the world of motoring. You could almost call him Dr. Holt, for he seems to have a nostrum to cure every malady to which motor vehicles are heir. He has had to overcome a good deal of suspicion because of the remarkable claims made for some of his products. Backed by a team of clever chemists he has proved to the world that they really do work and in the process has built up a big export trade.

The names of some of his products make no appeal to the literary purist. Gun-Gum is a paste with which you plug holes in rusty exhaust systems to avoid the cost of a new expansion chamber or exhaust pipe. Wondarweld you pour into the cooling system to stop the leaks from cracked cylinder blocks. It is products like Wondarweld and Piston Seal which form the foundations on which the business has been built. Piston Seal is one of the most spectacular of all the Holt products. You squeeze it from a tube through the sparkplug holes to form an oil and compression seal round the edge of the pistons to improve oil consumption in hardened old bangers and postpone cost of a rebore.

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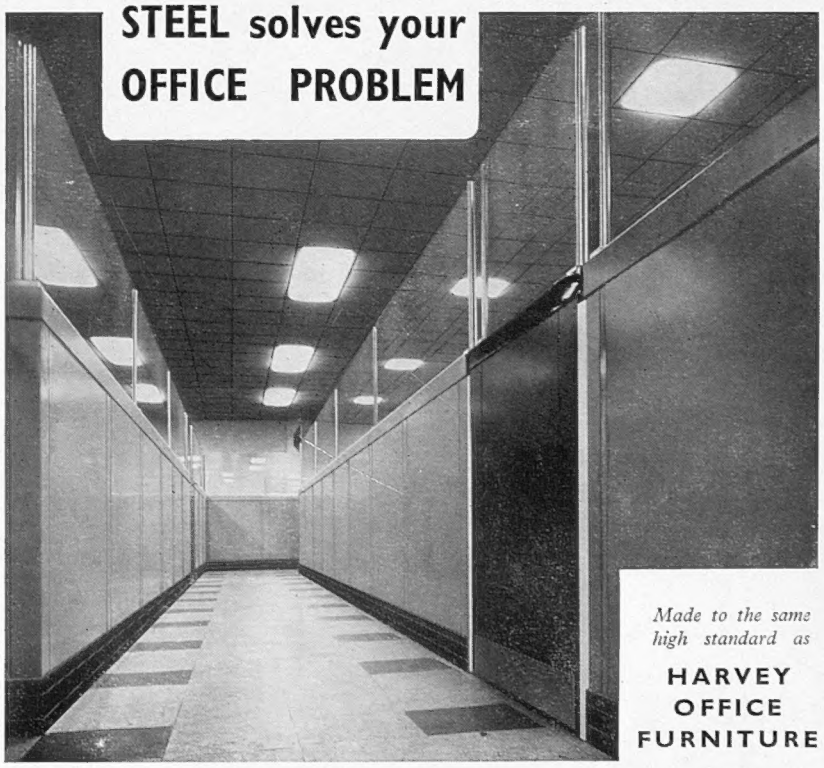

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Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE

Typical bird lovers are represented in the picture by A., an expert in the display flight of albino passerines: B. once wrote to Peter Scott: C. bought a book called "Thoro' Bush Thoro' Briar, our Friends of the Hedgerows": D. usually raises an imaginary gun and says "Bang bang".

NO. 2 TOWN WATCHING. Nature is where you find it: and you find it just as much in the most exceptionally built-up areas as anywhere, perhaps more so. Familiar urban sights which please us are the "shredded lace" effect of the back-garden cabbage leaf after attacks from the pretty caterpillar of the Cabbage White. Observe the ant manoeuvre pattern swarming on the faucets and disposal exits of the ordinary kitchen sink; and the delicate "dust and ashes" trail left by the common moth on the common best suit.

The great thing to do is to observe. In the picture we see typical barristers of the High Court of Rolls Mastership and Improvident Tenure, typically pausing in their work to observe the first spring appearance of the Little Stink (Odor odor odor), half of a pair proved to have been breeding behind the immersion heater of No. 122 Fish Row, though this fact is kept a secret, and it is important that the birds should not be disturbed, nor, if possible, looked at, except by members of the Federation of Prevention of Not Taking Any Notice. The "Little" is easily distinguished from the "Medium" Stink by a slight pinkness of the left eye and a tendency of the inner wing coverts to turn from beige to biscuit colour near the tip, though this is, typically, only revealed when the bird is flying fast and at 800 ft. It is interesting, too, that the contents of the crop of the London variety tends to vary towards an admixture, with the common wire worm, of the common slip-on paper clip. *Song*, a quick "blimp-blimp-blimp-Chah". *Alarm note,* a deeper "brrrp brrrp". *Invitation movement,* a kick backwards with the left foot. *Eggs,* secret.

Remember, we want you to use your eyes for yourselves. We tell you where to look.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him